The People's Press.

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JOB PRINTING

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This is the season of drowning accidents, and numerous cases are being reported every day. But boys will go swimming and boating in warm weather, and the most that can be done is to impress upon them the necessity of the utmost carefulness while about the water.

The oldest man in the world is said to be James James, who resides at Santa Rosa, Mexico. He is 135 years old. He was born near Dorchester, South Carolina, in 1752. It is asserted that he was one of the laborers at Fort Moultrie during the unsuccessful attack by the British fleet in 1776. If this is true he was then 24 years old.

It is estimated that there are 3,000,000 working women in England, about one-half of whom are in domestic employment. Further, that half the working-class families of the land are maintained by the work of women's hands, at ridiculously low wages. The *British Weekly* suggests that jubilee year is a good time to make some efforts looking to a betterment of their condition.

A $1,200-clerk in the Surgeon-General's office, War Department, has been dismissed under peculiar circumstances. In order to make a little extra money he hired a post-office box, and issued to distant points a circular offering to secure government employment for those desiring it for a consideration. In answer to inquiries he fixed the price at $10, and appearances indicated that he would have done a thriving business, but for an investigation by post-office officers. The facts were reported to the Secretary of War, who ordered the clerk's summary dismissal. He protested that he intended no offence, as his plan was simply to forward, in answer to remittances, copies of the civil service rules.

Icebergs are at present numerous in the path of European steamers, according to the reports sent the Hydrographic Office from the captains of various vessels. Since June 3 there have been sighted as many as thirty-three bergs. Captain Bakker of the Dutch steamer Scholter saw one 300 feet high, at a distance of seventeen miles, and passed within a mile and a half of it. Captain Brockelman of the Adolf saw one 240 feet high with two others 100 feet high, on succeeding days. Captain Campbell of the English ship St. Rovans saw a berg two miles long and 200 feet high on the 16th in latitude forty-four degrees, longitude forty-eight degrees. Fourteen apparently new derelicts are reported this month.

The work of beautifying and improving the national capitol in every direction goes on without interruption. Brick houses are giving way to stone, and the variation is pleasing to the eye. Nowhere in the world is more beautiful stone found than in the neighborhood of Washington. A rich, warm red sandstone and a finely veined and mottled green marble are the most effective materials used. In combination with dark red brick and tile work the effect is very striking. The marble terrace work at the capitol is rapidly nearing completion. This improvement, which has been going on for two years, is an extension of the base of the capitol above ground so as to add to the symmetry of the great pile and at the same time give a needed addition of over one hundred rooms to the building. In the distant future, if need be, a second story can be added to this basement extension.

Evidence continues to pour in showing that whoever made the statement that Mrs. Langtry was the first alien woman to become a citizen of this country was quite far from the facts. Judge Thomas Moran, of Chicago, the Associate Justice of the Appellate Court, says that his mother, a native of Ireland and subject of Great-Britain, took out papers and became a naturalized citizen of New York State as far back as 1836 or 1837. He says that prior to the adoption of the Revised Statutes, about 1830, an alien could not inherit or hold title to land in New York. "My mother," he said, "came here as a child, and her father acquired property in New York. It was probably to enable her to retain her right and title on this that she became naturalized. Very likely many other ladies in a similar position in the original States and colonies did the very same thing; so I imagine the occurrence is much less rare than the papers think. Until the Legislatures of the different States changed the law it had to be done."

This is the age of paper, and the *Western Manufacturer* suggests that an exhibition of paper objects and manufactures would fittingly commemorate the bi-centenary of the first paper mill in this country, next year, to be held at Philadelphia, the birthplace of the trade. Paper is the receptacle and disseminator of science, the products of art and literature, the great means of keeping industries and commerce thriving. It barrels our flour, wraps our goods, enters into articles of personal wear and household use, and when we die sometimes forms our coffins. It rolls beneath our railway cars and forms our buggy tops. We eat off it, drink from it, wear it on our heads, necks, bosoms, and feet, carry it in our pockets in lieu of handkerchief, and tile our houses, line our carpets with it, pack up our goods in paper boxes, and divert our leisure moments with paper cards. We make 500,000 tons yearly, import largely, and yet, like Oliver Twist, ask for more. Rags, wood pulp, straw, old rope, the bark of the cotton plant, and even the membranes in the interior of silkworm cocoons, yield it.

THE STREAM.

A fair child plays by the mountain spring,
Cooing the songs the bobolinks sing,
Not a thought of guile, or shadow of care,
To cloud the innocent brow so fair,
While the spring flows on—
Heart as light as the morning air,
No taint of sin nor shade of care,
To cloud the beautiful brow so fair,
And the spring flows on.

A lithe youth walks by the sparkling stream,
Watching the silvery waters gleam,
His heart still pure as its waters are,
Unvexed by the ruth of a single care,
While the streams flows on.
Dreaming as one in a morning dream,
Lazily watching the laughing stream
Sporting its way in the noonday beam,
And the stream flows on.

A strong man stands by the river side,
Thoughtfullly watching the fretful tide,
His shoulders stooped by the toil of years.
His broad brow bent with the bale of cares,
While the stream flows on.
His stature bent by the moil of years,
Heart half sick with its gathering cares,
And eyes bedimmed by unbidden tears,
And the tide flows on.

An old man waits on the ocean shore,
Counting the years that have gone before,
Waiting there for the ship to come
To bear him away to his final home,
While the tide flows on.
Longingly waiting the ship to come
To bear him across to his long, long home,
While the day grows dark in the evening's gloam,
And the tide rolls on.

—*B. F. Sawyer.*

The Model Millionaire.

Unless one is wealthy there is no good in being a charming fellow. Romance is the privilege of the rich, not the profession of the unemployed. The poor should be practical and prosaic. It is better to have a permanent income than to be fascinating. These are the great truths of modern life which Hughie Erskine never realized. Poor Hughie! Intellectually, we must admit, he was not of much importance. He never said either a brilliant or an ill-natured thing in his life. But then he was wonderfully good-looking, with his crisp brown hair, his clear-cut profile, and his gray eyes. He was as popular with men as he was with women, and he had every accomplishment except that of making money. His father had bequeathed him his cavalry sword and a 'History of the Peninsular War' in fifteen volumes. Hughie hung the first over his looking glass, put the second on a shelf between *Ruff's Guide* and *Baily's Magazine*, and lived on two hundred a year that an old aunt allowed him. He had tried everything. He had gone on the Stock Exchange for six months; but what was a butterfly to do among bulls and bears? He had been a tea merchant for a little longer, but had soon tired of Pekoe and Souchong. Then he had tried selling dry sherry. That did not answer. Ultimately he became nothing, a delightful, ineffectual young man with a perfect profile and no profession.

To make matters worse, he was in love. The girl he loved was Laura Merton, the daughter of a retired colonel who had lost his temper and his digestion in India, and had never found either of them again. Laura adored him, and he was ready to kiss her shoestrings. They were the handsomest couple in London, and had not a penny piece between them. The Colonel was very fond of Hughie, but would not hear of any engagement.

"Come to me, my boy, when you have got £10,000 of your own, and we will see about it," he used to say; and Hughie looked very glum on those days, and had to go to Laura for consolation.

One morning, as he was on his way to Holland Park, where the Mertons lived, he dropped in to see a great friend of his, Alan Trevor. Trevor was a painter. Indeed, few people escape that nowadays. But he was also an artist, and artists are rare. Personally he was a strange, rough fellow, with a freckled face and red hair. However, when he took up the brush he was a real master, and his pictures were eagerly sought after. He had been very much attracted by Hughie, at first, it must be acknowledged, entirely on account of his good looks. "The only people a painter should know," he used to say, are people who are bete and beautiful, people who are an artistic pleasure to look at and an intellectual repose to talk to. Dandies and darlings rule the world!" However, after he got to know Hughie better, he liked him quite as much for his bright, buoyant spirits and his generous, reckless nature, and had given him the permanent entree to his studio.

When Hughie came in he found Trevor putting the finishing touches to a wonderful life-size picture of a beggar man. The beggar himself was standing on a raised platform in a corner of the studio. He was a wizened old man, with a face like wrinkled parchment, and a most piteous expression. Over his shoulders was flung a coarse brown cloak, all tears and tatters; his thick boots were patched and cobbled, and with one hand he leaned on a rough stick, while with the other he held out his battered hat for alms.

"What an amazing model!" whispered Hughie, as he shook hands with his friend.

"An amazing model?" shouted Trevor at the top of his voice; "I should think so! Such beggars as he are not to be met with every day. My stars! what an etching Rembrandt would have made of him!"

"Poor old chap!" said Hughie, "how miserable he looks! But I suppose, to you painters, his face is his fortune?"

"Certainly," replied Trevor; "you don't want a beggar to look happy, do you?"

"How much does a model get for sitting?" asked Hughie, as he found himself a comfortable seat on a divan.

"A shilling an hour."

"And how much do you get for your picture, Alvan?"

"O, for this I get a thousand."

"Pounds?"

"Guineas. Painters, poets, and physicians always get guineas."

"Well, I think the model should have a percentage," said Hughie, laughing; "they work quite as hard as you do."

"Nonsense, nonsense! Why, look at the trouble of laying on the paint alone, and standing all day long at one's easel! It's all very well. Hughie, for you to talk, but I assure you that there are moments whan art approaches the dignity of manual labor. But you mustn't chatter; I'm very busy. Smoke a cigarette, and keep quiet."

After some time the servant came in, and told Trevor that the frame maker wanted to speak to him.

"Don't run away, Hughie," he said, as he went out. "I will be back in a moment."

The old beggar man took advantage of Trevor's absence to rest for a moment on a wooden bench that was behind him. He looked so forlorn and wretched that Hughie could not help pitying him, and he felt in his pockets to see what money he had. All he could find was a sovereign and some coppers. "Poor old fellow," he thought to himself, "he wants it more than I do, but it means no hansoms for a fortnight," and he walked across the studio and slipped the sovereign into the beggar's hand.

The old man started, and a faint smile flitted across his withered lips. "Thank you, sir," he said, in a foreign accent.

Then Trevor arrived, and Hughie took his leave, blushing a little at what he had done. He spent the day with Laura, got a charming scolding for his extravagance, and had to walk home.

That night he strolled into the Palette Club about 11 o'clock, and found Trevor sitting by himself in the smoking room.

"Well, Alan, did you get the picture finished all right?" he said, as he lit his cigarette.

"Finished and framed, my boy!" answered Trevor; and, by the by, you have made a conquest. That old model you saw is quite devoted to you. I had to tell him all about you—who you are, where you live, what your income is, what prospects you have——"

"My dear Alan," cried Hughie, "I shall probably find him waiting for me when I go home. But of course you are only joking. Poor old beggar! I wish I could do something for him. I think it is dreadful that any one should be so miserable. I have got heaps of old clothes at home—do you think he would care for any of them? Why, his rags were falling to bits."

"But he looks splendid in them," said Trevor. "I wouldn't paint him in a frock coat for anything. What you call rags I call romance. What seems poverty to you is picturesqueness to me. However, I'll tell him of your offer."

"Alan," said Hughie seriously, "you painters are a heartless lot."

"An artist's heart is his head," replied Trevor; "and besides, our business is to realize the world as we see it, not to reform it as we know it. And now tell me how Laura is. The old model was quite interested in her."

"You don't mean to say you talked to him about her?" said Hughie.

"Certainly I did. He knows all about the relentless Colonel, the lovely damsel, and the £10,000."

"You told that old beggar all my private affairs?" cried Hughie, looking very red and angry.

"My dear boy," said Trevor, smiling, "that old beggar, as you call him, is one of the richest men in Europe. He could buy all London to-morrow without overdrawing his account. He has a house in every capital, dines off gold plates, and can prevent Russia going to war when he chooses."

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Hughie.

"What I say," said Trevor. "The old man you saw to-day was Baron Hausberg. He is a great friend of mine, buys all my pictures and that sort of thing, and gave me a commission a month ago to paint him as a beggar. And I must say he made a magnificent figure in his rags, or perhaps I should say in my rags; they are an old suit I got in Spain."

"Baron Hausberg!" cried Hughie. "Good heavens! I gave him a sovereign!" and he sank into an armchair the picture of dismay.

"Gave him a sovereign!" shouted Trevor and he burst into a roar of laughter. "My dear boy, you'll never see it again."

"I think you might have told me, Alan," said Hughie sulkily, "and not let me make such a fool of myself."

"Well, to begin with, Hughie," said Trevor, "it never entered my mind that you went about distributing alms in that reckless way. I can understand your kissing a pretty model, but your giving a sovereign to an ugly one—by Jove, no! Besides, the fact is that I really was not at home to-day to anyone; and when you came in I didn't know whether Hausberg would like his name mentioned. You know he wasn't in full dress."

"What a duffer he must think me!" said Hughie.

"Not at all. He was in the highest spirits after you left; kept chuckling to himself and rubbing his old wrinkled hands together. I couldn't make out why he was so interested to know all about you; but I see it all now. He'll invest your sovereign for you, Hughie, pay you the interest every six month, and have a capital story to tell after dinner."

"I am an unlucky chap," growled Hughie. "The best thing I can do is to go to bed; and, my dear Alan, you mustn't tell anyone. I shouldn't dare to show my face in the Row."

"Nonsense! It reflects the highest credit on your philanthropic spirit, Hughie, and don't run away. Have another cigarette, and you can talk about Laura as much as you like."

However, Hughie wouldn't stop, but walked home, feeling very unhappy, and leaving Alan and Trevor in fits of laughter.

The next morning, as he was at breakfast, the servant brought him up a card, on which was written' "Monsieur Gustave Naudin, de la part de M. le Baron Hausberg." "I suppose he has come for an apology," said Hughie to himself; and he told the servant to show the visitor up.

An old gentleman with gold spectacles and gray hair came into the room, and said, in a slight French accent, "Have I the honor of addressing Monsieur Hugh Erskine?"

Hughie bowed.

"I have come from Baron Hausberg," he continued. "The Baron——"

"I beg, sir, that you will offer him my sincere apologies," said Hughie.

"The Baron," said the old gentleman, with a smile, "has commissioned me to bring you this letter;" and he handed Hughie a sealed envelope.

On the outside was written: "A wedding-present to Hugh Erskine and Laura Merton, from an old beggar," and inside was a check for £10,000.

When they were married Alan Trevor was the best man, and the Baron made a speech at the wedding-breakfast.

"Millionaire models," said Alan, "are rare enough; but, by Jove, model millionaires are rarer still!"—*London World*.

Silkworm Culture.

Mrs. M. F. Inmann, who lives half a mile from St. Helena has successfully carried 15,000 silkworms through the season. As it requires 300 cocoons to the pound, it will be seen that the lady raised 50 pounds, all of which were in first class order, and sold for $1.40 per pound, yielding her nearly $75. Counting the time actually given to the work, she estimates that the income is equal to $2 a day.—*San Francisco Call*.

We commonly slander more through vanity than malice.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Not in Earnest—Good-Bye, Goosy—Not Easily Got Over—Getting Even—Had to Pay, Etc., Etc., Etc.

Mother—"Lucy, hasn't Mr. Jinks proposed yet?"

Lucy—"No, not yet, ma."

Mother—"He helped you put on your gloves last night."

Lucy, shaking her head—"I know he did, but there are six buttons on the gloves and when he buttoned the fourth button he asked me if that wasn't enough. It only took him a minute. If he had any serious intentions it would have taken him half an hour at least. I see he is only trifling with my young affections."—*Siftings.*

Good-Bye, Goosy.

"Little do you know how the bartenders are imposed upon. Woe is our lot. To-day a six-footer entered my saloon and called for brandy. He imbibed a large quaff.

"'Has Goosy been in?' he asked.

"'Who's Goosy?' said I.

"'Goosy walks like this.'

"The six-footer dropped on his haunches, spread his legs apart like a painfully bandy-legged being and waddled towards the door. Suddenly straightening himself out, he howled to me, 'Good-bye, Goosy,' and fled a mile up the street before I found time to to run from behind the bar."—*Philadelphia News.*

Not Easily Got Over.

The other evening on one of the suburban trains going out of the city, there was a well-known Boston vocalist who appropriated to his sole use and comfort two seats. While this luxurious wayfarer was enjoying so much room there entered the car a man considerably under the influence of liquor. The inebriate could find no available seat save that which the first-mentioned passenger had appropriated, and going up to the latter the bibulous traveler said: "Move o-over, p-please (hic); I want a seat." The other glanced up with a look of intense scorn, but did not deign further notice to his interlocutor. The intoxicated individual returned again to the charge with: "Can't you move o-over (hic) and give a feller a seat?" "No, I can't and won't; you are drunk," was the curt response. "Well," stammered the other, "I know I'm drunk (hic), but I'll get over that; you're a hog and will never get over it."—*Boston Budget.*

Getting Even.

She was one of these lofty approach-me-not sort of a girls, born with a silver spoon in her mouth, and indignant to this day because it wasn't pure gold. Billy Bliven had just been introduced to her at a lawn fete, and was doing his best in his plain matter of fact way to make himself agreeable. After they had chatted a few minutes on the veranda, Billy concluded that he would like to know her better, so he came at the subject thus wise:

"I should greatly—I—I should like very much to call on you some evening. Suppose I drop around and we go out and take a little walk."

"Thanks," she said stiffly; "I am no pedestrian."

Billy pondered a little while and then remarked in a quiet way peculiar to himself. "I'd have asked you to go out riding, only I knew you were no jockey."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Had to Pay.

Thurlow Weed told a good story in the cloak room of the Senate one day about his crony, Dean Richmond, of Albany. Mr. Richmond had a son whose habits were not consonant with the railroad king's ideas of prudence. He was sharp, shrewd, and witty, but was emphatically "one of the boys." The paternal purse was long and his patience stretched out to equal dimensions, but finally the young Richmond wore out the patience and was told that he must go to work and earn his own living. The old gentleman placed him on one of his railroad trains, and when that youngster had learned the duties of a conductor promoted him to that station. One rule of the road was that no one should be dead-headed. Each passenger was compelled to produce a ticket, pay his fare, or show a pass signed by the president, Dean Richmond. A few days after young Richmond took charge of a train his father was among the passengers. In due course of time the conductor reached the seat occupied by the old gentleman, and, tapping him on the shoulder, ejaculated: "Ticket, sir." Dean made no reply other than a good-natured smile. "Ticket," said the conductor, emphatically. "I have no ticket, you young rascal," said the old gentleman, warming up as he noticed the other passengers giving attention to the scene, "and don't need any." "Have you a pass, then?" quoth the conductor. "No!" roared the now wrathy parent; "clear out, or I'll discharge you." "If you've neither ticket nor pass," responded the son, you must pay your fare." Again the railroad president threatened to discharge the conductor unless he moved on. "Will you pay?" said young Richmond, reaching for the bell rope. "Pay your fare or I'll put you off." Remonstrance was vain, and the president was compelled to pay the fare on his own road. When his wrath had time to cool he was pleased at the young conductor's strict obedience to orders, and concluded to give him a better chance than punching tickets.—*Ben: Perley Poore.*

How the Engagement Closed.

Robinson—"Hello, old boy! how are you! Glad to see you."

Jones—"First rate. You well?"

Robinson—"Thanks; quite! By the way, I heard you were engaged to Miss Bondclipper."

Jones—"No, Robinson; I was engaged to her, but that is passed."

Robinson—"Well, Jones, between you and me, now, you are a lucky boy. She's rich, of course, but that is all she has to recommend her."

Jones—"Yes."

Robinson—"And then her money is really only prospective, you know. Her father might lose it all in a pork deal, or in an unwise flyer in stocks, before the daughter got to handle it."

Jones—"That is true."

Robinson—"Well, that's the way I look at it. I could have married her myself."

Jones—"You could?"

Robinson—"It's a fact; but I counted the cost and drew out just in time. Fortunate, wasn't it?"

Jones—"Very."

Robinson—"But tell me how you managed to break the engagement. Mine hadn't quite gone that far."

Jones—"I didn't break it."

Robinson—"Oh, she did it herself, did she? But perhaps I ought not to say anything about it. I supposed, of course, you broke it yourself, as she was so anxious to marry, and everybody knows that."

Jones—"Oh, you needn't apologize. I'm not worrying at all about it."

Robinson—"That's good. I like to see a man keep a stiff upper lip. Might I inquire what made her break it?"

Jones—"Oh, she didn't break it either."

Robinson—"Well, that's strange. Then it must have been her father."

Jones—"No; he had no objection."

Robinson—"Then how did you manage to get out of the engagement?"

Jones—"I married her last week."

Robinson (with a gasp)—"Ah-h-h! Well, I must really be going now. Good-bye."

Jones—"Good-bye."—*Life.*

A Scene in a New York Office.

A rather prepossessing young lady entered the office of a well-known lawyer the other day and inquired:

"Is Mr. Brief in?"

"Won't be in for two hours," replied the dapper young clerk whom she addressed, surveying her from head to foot with an approving glance. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," was the reply, and the lady produced from beneath her wrap a handsomely bound volume. "I have here—"

"I thought so," interrupted the clerk, with a deprecating gesture. "I sized you up as soon as you came in. But it's no use. We never fool away money on subscription books in this office. Didn't you see the sign outside: 'No Peddlars allowed?'"

"Sir," began the visitor, "this book—"

"Oh," laughed the flippant young clerk, "I've no doubt it's the biggest thing out, but we don't want it. History of the United States, ain't it, from the time of the Mound Builders up to the present day? Big thing, I've no doubt, but we've no use for it."

"If you will allow me—"

"Really," said the youth, who was greatly amused, "I'd like to, but it's against the rules of the office to yield to the blandishments of book-agents, no matter how young and good-looking they are. Couldn't think of looking at the book, my dear. 'Life of Napoleon,' ain't it? That's a chestnut. One of our clerks bought one last month for four dollars, and yesterday he traded it off for a yaller dog, and then killed the dog."

"I wish to say—"

"Or maybe it's a humorous work, with wood-cuts that looked as if they'd been engraved with a meat-axe. No, we don't want it. We keep a humorist here on salary to amuse us."

"I—"

"Say, you're awfully persistent, my dear, but it won't do any good. If old Brief were here you might talk him around, because he's a susceptible old duffer, and thinks every pretty woman who looks at him is in love with him. But I am not of that kind."

"Sir, if you will—"

"Say, I hate to refuse you, 'pon my soul I do, but I'm broke, and that's the truth. Come around in about six months, after the old man has taken me into partnership. I'll be flush then, and I'll take a book, just to reward you for your stickativeness. I say, you're a mighty pretty woman to be obliged to peddle books for a living. I—"

Just then the attention of the loquacious youth was attracted by the frantic gesticulations of a fellow clerk in another part of the room, and he paused.

"You are Mr. Freshleigh, I presume?" said the lady.

"I—er—yes, that is my name," was the reply.

"I have heard my husband speak of you. I am Mrs. Brief. Will you please hand this book to Mr. Brief when he comes in, and ask him to take it to the binder's? Good morning."

The lady left the office; the mercury in the thermometer crept down out of sight; the office cat had a fit, and young Freshleigh fell in a faint.

The next day lawyer Brief advertised for a new clerk.—*Tid-Bits.*

Short Stories From the Chinese.

A young tiger met an old one and said: "I got hold of a man to-day whose upper parts were so tasteless and his nether parts so sour, that, hungry as I was, I left him in disgust. I wonder what sort of man this could be?" "A student who has had to buy his degree," was the reply.

Chang and Chung mutually agreed to start a brewery. Said Chang to Chung: "You supply the rice and I will furnish the water." "But," queried Chung, "if the profits are divided accordingly to the capital embarked, I am afraid it will be difficult to apportion your share." "Oh, I'm not afraid," said Chang; "when the brew is over, give me the water; you can have the remainder."

A man was seized by a tiger. The victim's son took his bow and pursued. "Hit him in the leg," cried the father, "else you'll spoil the market value of the skin."

A bibulous individual, on entering a restaurant, noticed that the wine cups were small. After seating himself, he gave vent to a most demoniacal series of howls and groans. "What is the matter?" asked the startled landlord. "Ah," answered the man, "my father, a hale, hearty man, met his death at a friend's table by accidentally swallowing a small wine cup, so whenever I see similar ones, the memory of the sad event overcomes me." It is needless to add that the cup was replaced by a larger one.

A hard drinker dreamed that he had become possessed of a bottle of genuine stuff, but, determined to enjoy it thoroughly, he had begun to heat it. During the heating process he awoke. "Hoo, hoo," he groaned. "If I had known this was to happen, I would have drunk it cold."

A servant did not fill a guest's cup to the brim. The latter, holding it up, remarked: "This cup is too deep, and broke a piece of. "How is that?" cried the host. "If the upper part can't hold liquor, of what use is it?" was the smart retort.—*Chinese Review.*

The False Count.

She gazed upon the soft sea-mist,
Where sky and wave each other kissed—
The lighthouse lamp a twinkling star
Just beyond the harbor bar.

The Count went off into a doze
As she broke out in fluent prose:
"Here nature spreads her sweetest tints,
And of celestial visions hints.

"Who could not preach from such a text?"
Her lover sleepily cried: "Next!"
With flying feet she left the arbor—
The Count was nothing but a barber!

—*Harper's Bazar.*

FAMILY MATTERS.

Useful Hints.

Mortar and paint may be removed from window glass with hot, sharp vinegar.

If you have no dark place for the fruit cans, wrap each one separately in heavy paper.

A true test for eggs is to drop them in water, and if the large end comes up they are not fresh.

A tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will greatly aid the whitening process.

Dusting cloths must be washed often or they will carry more dirt into the rooms than they take out.

To test nutmegs, prick them with a pin, and if they are good the oil will instantly spread cround the puncture.

Cayenne pepper blown into the cracks where ants congregate will drive them away. The same remedy is also good for mice.

To scour knives easily, mix a small quantity of baking soda with your brick dust, and see if your knives do not polish better.

When a black silk garment begins to show tiny holes or cracks not large enough to be darned or patched, pieces of black sticking plaster may be cut to the size and pasted on the wrong side and pressed with a warm iron over a thin paper.

Healthful Summer Drinks.

Sarsaparilla Mead: Three pounds sugar, three ounces tartaric acid, one ounce cream tartar, one ounce flour, one ounce essence of sarsaparilla, three quarts water. Strain and bottle it, then let it stand ten days before using.

Maple Beer: To four gallons boiling water put one quart maple syrup and one tablespoonful essence of spruce; when about milk warm add one pint of yeast, and when fermented bottle it. In three days it will be fit for use.

Currant Shrub: Boil currant juice and sugar, in proportion of one pound sugar to one pint juice, five minutes Stir it constantly while cooling; when cold, bottle it. Use like raspberry shrub, one spoonful or two to a tumblerful of water.

Raspberry Liquor: A pint of raspberries in a quart of spirits must be corked tightly for a month; then clarify a pound of sugar in a pint and a half of water; filter off the spirit and add it to the syrup; mix well and put it in small bottles.

Raspberry Vinegar: Mash two quarts of rasberries in an earthen vessel, put them in a large stone bottle or jar, pour into them two quarts of good wine vinegar, cork the jar slightly and let the juice distill in the sun or warmth for two or three weeks; then filter clear snd bottle it, corking it well.

English Ginger Beer: Pour four quarts of boiling water on one ounce and a half of ginger, one ounce cream tartar, one pound brown sugar and two lemons sliced thin. Put in two gills of yeast, let it ferment twenty-four hours and bottle it. It improves by keeping a few weeks, unless it is very hot weather, and it is a very nice beverage.

Lemonade Syrup: With one pound of lump sugar rasp the yellow rind of six lemons. Moisten the sugar with as much water as it will absorb, and boil it to a clear syrup. Add the juice of twelve lemons, stirring it in well beside the fire, but do not let it boil any more. Bottle the syrup at once, and cork it when cold. Mix a little of this syrup with cold water when lemonade is wanted.

Raspberry Vinegar with Sugar: Mash the fruit in an earthen bowl; to every pound of raspberries add a pint of vinegar; cover, and let it stand two or three days, then press it through a jelly-bag; to every pint put half a pound of loaf sugar; set the juice on the fire to come to a boil, take off any scum that rises; allow five minutes' gentle boiling; set it to get cold, then pour it into small bottles and cork well.

Currant Vinegar: This fine vinegar is made by simply pressing the fruit to a mash; let it stand a night, then strain the juice off clear and fill bottles to the brim. Set them uncorked in the sun or in a warm place until the fermentation ceases. Any little impurity that rises skim off with a piece of blotting paper, and cork the bottles well. White currants are excellent for delicate pale vinegar. Red ones make a vinegar equal to that made from the finest red wine.

Oatmeal Drinks: First put into a large pan a quarter of a pound of fine, fresh oatmeal, six ounces of white sugar, and half a lemon, cut into small pieces. Mix with a little warm water; then pour over it one gallon of boiling water, stirring all together thoroughly, and use when cold. This makes a most refreshing and strengthening drink. If preferred, raspberry vinegar, citric acid or any other flavoring may be used instead of the lemon. More oatmeal may also be used if preferred. Second—Six ounces of fine oatmeal, four ounces of cocoa and eight ounces of sugar, mixed gradually and smoothly into a gallon of boiling water. Use when cold.

Ginger Beer: The following recipe for making a very superior ginger beer is taken from the treatise of Dr. Pereira on diet. The honey gives the beverage a peculiar softness, and from not being fermented with yeast it is less violent in its action when opened, but requires to be kept a somewhat longer time before use: White sugar, five pounds; lemon juice, quarter of a pint; honey, one-quarter of a pound; ginger bruised, five ounces; water, four and a half gallons. Boil the ginger in three quarts of the water for half an hour, then add the sugar, lemon juice and honey, with the remainder of the water, and strain through a cloth; when cold add a quarter of the white of an egg and a small teaspoonful of essence of lemon. Let the whole stand four days and then bottle; it will keep for many months. This quantity will make one hundred bottles.

Discipline Must Be Preserved.

A cadet at West Point was recently arrested and confined three days in the guard house for brushing a fly off his nose while on parade. And that same day the Indians came up to a small fort in Northwestern Dakota and chased the man on picket duty a mile and a half and then run off twelve head of horses and yelled so loudly that the hair of the commanding officer, who recently came out from Washington, turned white. And the Government never said a word—not a whisper. You wouldn't have known it was anywhere around. In fact, it wasn't. It was back at West Point running that poor cadet all over the grounds and whooping at him till it was hoarse and asking him what he meant by insulting the flag by brushing that fly off his nose.—*Dakota Bell.*

The Bane of Engineers,

"Moonlight nights—they are the bane of railroad engineers," remarked a head official of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to a Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* reporter. He is a gentleman who knows every branch of railroading.

"I would have thought that the trainmen would be glad to have moonlight nights," interposed the writer.

"No, sir; all engineers dread moonlight nights; they try the nerves of the engineers to the utmost. Engineers like to run on dark nights. On a moonlight night the trouble with them is no trouble at all—shadows. An engineer, looking out from his engine, sees before him all manner of shadows. He is sure that the shadow across the track is a man, or a rock, or some kind of an obstruction. He doesn't know, and he is kept in a state of nervous excitement all the time. Going around curves, along hillsides, many curious shadows are outlined on the track, and very often an engineer is so worked up over a night's ride that he is scarcely able to perform his duties. Some years ago, when I was going over the main stem of the Baltimore and Ohio one night, there was a freight wreck ahead of us. They were running freight in convoys then, or as we now call them, in sections. Our train was stopped and I went forward to see what was the damage. Lying in a cut was about the worst freight wreck I have ever seen. I went forward to see what the trouble was. It was a moonlight night and when I got forward I saw the engineer. He was shaking all over with excitement. He was one of the oldest and best engineers on the road and I was surprised to see him so nervous, as he escaped unhurt.

"'What is the trouble, Tom?' I asked him. I could see nothing wrong.

"'It was a rock,' replied Tom. 'I was coming round the curve when I saw it. It was a big one—big enough to smash a whole train. I reversed the engine to avoid a smash up, and the cars coming down the grade just piled up in the shape you see them.'

"I looked around, but could see no rock any where. The wreck was cleared away that night and there wasn't a sign of an obstruction near the locomotive. We all were curious to find out what had caused the trouble. The next night a railroad man went to the cut, and there in the moonlight he saw a perfect image of a big rock lying across the track. He looked up on the hillside and there was a big rock throwing its shadow down on the track that caused a wreck that cost the company thousands of dollars. No, sir; if an engineer wants things to suit him, he don't want moonlight by which to run his train."

A Japanese Prison.

The main prison in Kajibashi is situated in a central place of the capital, Tokio, and is under the direct control of the minister of the interior. The building is two stories high, and made in the shape of a cross. In each story there are forty cages, making eighty cages in all. Each cage is nine feet square. The Japanese Government manages to keep many prisoners in this prison for two or three years without any public trial. Each cage generally contains ten or eleven prisoners, who eat and sleep in this small box. Or, perhaps, it is better to say the prisoners try to sleep, heaped up one over the other. There are always from 800 to 900 prisoners kept in this way. Many become sick, and some die.

The outside of each cage is protected by a strong wooden frame. The frame itself becomes a door to let the prisoners in and out. The side facing the yards has a large window, protected with an iron frame, of which the door must not be closed without the permission of the officials, even in the severest winter night. Thus it is a common occurrence that prisoners are found covered with snow. The most of the prisoners have no means of communicating with their friends. When they are arrested the Government spy or police tell them that they need not bring any money with them, as they will be sent back to their homes in a few minutes. When they go to the prison they are kept there six months at least. During this time, if they have any money to pay postage, they are permitted to send their letters; but if they have no money no letter can be sent by public expense. They are never permitted to see their friends until the judge of a secret examination makes up his mind to send a prisoner to the court of public trial.—*Washington Star.*

Shoemakers' Secrets.

An old shoemaker tells the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of a trick or two in shoemaking which he learned when he was a boy, which appears to be still hidden mysteries to a lot of the fashionable shoemakers. One of these concerns not only the appearance of the shoe but the comfort of the wearer. How many times do you see men's big toes rising in high relief impressions above the surface of the upper? Naturally you feel that the wearer of such a shoe must suffer from this pressure on his big toe, and he does; if not immediately, at some time in the future. The whole difficulty can be obviated by providing a depression in the sole of the shoe into which the toe will fit. This depression is obtained by fastening a piece on the last and beating the sole around it until it is molded to it. When the toe is thus cared for there will be no ingrowing toe-nails and no unsightly protrusion of the upper. Another thing that may be interesting to shoe wearers and to shoemakers is this: A blistered or sore heel caused by a new shoe may be relieved by taking a small piece of common newspaper, crushing it in the hand and placing it under the ailing heel. The bit of paper has the effect of a "lift," and forcing the foot forward in the shoe leaves the heal entirely free from the counter.

Spending Money Judiciously.

John McDonough, the New Orleans millionaire, said one day: "This is what many people do not understand—spending money judiciously. They are afraid of spending money. A man who wishes to make a fortune must first make a show of liberality and spend money in order to obtain it. By a dinner I once gave to the Spanish authorities I obtained their good will and esteem, and was enabled to make a large sum. To succeed in life, then, you must obtain the favor and influence of the opulent and the authorities of the country in which you live. This is the first rule."—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

Nearly all the black-headed pins in the market are made from needles which are broken in the factories in testing the eyes. Any one who has handled the black-headed pins have probably noticed their remarkable sharpness as compared with the ordinary white pins sold in the market. This is the explanation—they are old needles.

BEFORE THE DAWN.

The silence of the summer night—
A space or two before its flight,
Falls deeper on the dewy height
And hollow, where all webby-white,
The early mists begin to float:
And then the peaceful hush is stirred—
The first sweet carol of a bird
From out the solemn dark is heard,
A clear, awakening note.

We hear it, rousing from a dream,
And know while all things earthly seem
Wrapped close in night, a vague white gleam
Is surely broadening to a beam
Of flaring light and fervent power;
A drowsy fancy of the dawn
Comes to us, in a moment gone—
Perhaps a fairy on the lawn
Is creeping from each flower.

Perhaps between the night and day,
The elves do meet and dance away
The mystic hour when mortals stay
Enchained by slumber's potent sway,
And vanish when the east grows red.
And in good truth must fairies ply
A hundred arts while yet the sky
Is dark, before the planets die,
Or the late moon has fled.

They tint the velvet sward anew,
And brim the lilybells with dew,
And tinge the skies with tender blue,
And trail white veils of vapor through,
The treetops and the valleys low;
They stir and fan the drowsy air,
And scatter fragrance everywhere,
And pin white blossoms here and there
Like starry flecks of snow.

And lo! when daylight breaks serene,
Upon the widespread, radiant scene—
The bloom of flowers, the dewy green
Of treetops, with white webs between
The early glow of lane and lawn,
We look, and utter words of praise,
But reck not of the heaven-sent fays
Who set the picture for our gaze
And flit before the dawn.

—*Hattie Whitney.*

PITH AND POINT.

Old as the hills—The valleys.

A legal blank—The idiotic lawyer.

A large head is a sign of brains, but a big head is a sign of folly.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A piece of her cake she'd give—how kind—
Whenever to ask he did see fit;
Now they are married, a piece of her mind
She will give without his asking for it.
—*Goodall's Sun.*

A novel under the curious name of "The Wasp" is just published. It must have a bad ending.—*Life.*

The small boy in a frolic
Robs the orchard of its apples,
And his in'ards cruel colic
Subsequently grimly grapples.
—*Boston Courier.*

"Johnny," said the minister, rather severely, "do you chew tobacco?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "but I'm clean out just now; Jimmy Brown's got some, though."—*Washington Critic.*

Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again,
It springeth quickly up:
And those who have tried the experiment says
It's the same with a barrel hoop.
—*Tid-Bits.*

Oft in the chilly night,
Ere solar rays had bound us,
Have we for heat cried out
With blankets all around us.

But now when Sol has got the call
To burn us up like tether,
We sigh for ice, with breezes nice,
And civil-service weather.
—*New York Journal*

Arctic Industries.

It may not be generally known that important mining operations are carried on within the Arctic Circle. Cryolite is brought from Greenland to Philadelphia by the ship load to be used in the making of candles. At Alten, near the North Cape in Finmark, extensive copper mines have been worked for a long time. When it is remembered that most of the work has to be done under ground, and that heat is what the workmen suffer most from, it becomes apparent at once that mines may be almost as profitable in those high latitudes as they would be on our coast. The main thing is to have communication open once a year for bringing supplies and carrying away the ores.

An engineer who visited the mines at Alten a few years ago, to study the condition in which they were worked, found that the climate interposed no obstacle. The mines, when fairly deep, are warmer in winter than in summer.

In such work as has to be done above ground, there is scarcely any interruption. During the three dark months, when the sun does not shine, there is no lack of light to the eye accustomed to the conditions. The sky is clear and starry, and the aurora is playing most of the time, whatever light there is, the reflection from the snow increases and intensifies.

More than a hundred and fifty years ago mining was carried on extensively about the shores of the White Sea by Saxon workmen. Silver, copper, and lead were produced in quantities.

Now that the whale fishery has declined, mining enterprise seems most likely of anything to promote exploration and settlement within the Arctic Circle.—*Youth's Companion.*

Big Beer Drinkers.

"What is the average consumption of beer a day per man among your employes?" was asked the other day of the secretary of a large brewing company. "One gallon," was the reply. "Impossible!" exclaimed the reporter. The secretary smiled. "That is only thirty glasses a man, and we have two men who average sixty glasses a day and perhaps more. There is no restriction on their drinking; they may swill a hundred if they can." "Isn't it rather costly?" "Nearly $100 a day, but we can't help ourselves. It is a tradition of the trade. It would pay us and the men to increase their wages twenty-five cents a day and shut of the beer, but they wouldn't entertain the proposition a single minute."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Curious Law Case.

A curious law case, which has arisen out of the recent earthquake at Diano Marino, will shortly be decided before an Italian court. Two adjoining houses at Diano Marino, belonging to two different families, were destroyed by the earthquake and the inhabitants were all killed. When the ruins and corpses were removed, the sum of 200,000 francs in gold and bank notes was found among the debris. As it was impossible to ascertain to which house the money belonged, and as no member of either family was saved to decide the matter, the surviving relatives have brought their cases before the judges, whose decision is expected in Italy with much interest.—*Argonaut.*

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1887.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem N.C.]

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L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Salem, N. C., Jan. 6, 1887.

—Fifty-three death from cholera at Key West, and forty are still sick.

—The Irish National League was proclaimed a dangerous organization by both houses of English Parliament, on the 19th.

—Great excitement prevails at Chattanooga, Tenn., on account of what is believed to be a discovery of natural gas in large quantities.

—In the next Kentucky Legislature there will be 7 Republicans in the Senate, in the House there will be 70 Democrats, 26 Republicans, 2 Labor Union and 1 Prohibitionist.

—An indignation meeting has been held by citizens of Durham at which the action of the Durham county commissioners in granting license for the sale of beer and wine in the face of a majority vote for prohibition was condemned.

ST. PETERSBURG, August 22.—It is officially announced that the government has sent a circular to the Powers declaring that it is unable to recognize the validity of Prince Ferdinand's election to the throne of Bulgaria.

—The North Carolina Tobacco Convention, recently assembled at Morehead, agreed to meet annually at the same place on the fourth Tuesday. Julian S. Carr, the president of the Company, gave the Convention a complimentary excursion to the surf on Thursday of last week.

We are pleased to see that Hon. L. L. Polk, was elected permanent President of the "Interstate Farmers' Association, in session at Atlanta last week. D. F. Hester, of this State is Sec. and Treas. E. M. McCoy is one of the Vice Presidents and R. E. Parker is one of the Executive Committee. The Association will meet in Raleigh next year.

—Thomas M. Vance, youngest son of Senator Vance and Miss Gertrude Wheeler, daughter of Col. J. B. Wheeler, late professor in the military academy at West Point, were married at Lenoir, last week, and took an early train for Asheville, whence they will soon go to Seattle, Washington Territory.

—The State Treasurer has issued a circular to sheriffs upon the question of drummer's license tax, in which he says: "By advice of Attorney General I suggest that no further arrests be made until after the November term of Federal Court at Raleigh. You will, however, in the meantime take the names of all drummers offering to sell in your county without license, and transmit them to this department for future action, in case judgment of the Court shall sustain the law."

Indiana Embarrassed.

A Chicago *News* special from Indianapolis says: The financial embarrassments of Indiana are growing more and more serious. The last dollar of the general fund in the State Treasury was paid out to-day, and there are no resources that can be drawn upon before next December. In the mean time $200,000 will be needed to pay the current expenses of the State government and public institutions. Treasurer Lenicke announces that he will call upon the counties to advance funds, but if they do so it will be a voluntary act, as the law does not require them to respond to such calls when they owe the State nothing. One effect of the exhaustion of the Treasury will be the suspension of the work upon all State institutions.

FOREIGN.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—In the letters of Henry M. Stanley, written at Gambuya, near the rapids of Aruwimi, June 19, the explorer says the natives evacuated the place upon the arrival of the expedition, owing to fright produced by a vigorous blowing of steamboat whistle. They returned afterwards, evincing a very amicable disposition, and promised to supply the expedition with provisions. They informed Stanley that there were other rapids higher up more difficult of navigation, and further progress by river was impossible. Sir Francis Dewinton, president of the Emin Bey relief committee, commenting on the letters, says he calculates that by this time Stanley and Emin Bey have met.

SOFIA, Aug. 20.—Prince Ferdinand arrived at Philadelphia, the capital of Eastern Roumelia, yesterday evening. He finally received the offering of bread and salt from the municipality and numerous addresses from the clergy. The city was gaily decorated and was brilliantly illuminated after dark. The people received Ferdinand with much enthusiasm. None of the foreign consuls here have yet visited Prince Ferdinand. Germany has instructed her consul here not to consider himself attached to the Bulgarian Government. The German flag has been lowered from over the consulate.

STATE NEWS.

—The Lenoir *Chronicle* is to be moved to Wilkesboro.

—A fire at Milton, N. C., destroyed several stores. The loss has not been ascertained.

—A black bear which measured more than six feet and weighed 300 pounds was recently killed in Burke county, by Thos. Hall.

—W. B. Transou, died at his home near Wilkesboro, Wilkes county, on the 31st of July, aged about 80 years.

—There are now 186 patients in the asylum for the colored insane at Goldsboro.

—W. L. Reid, son-in-law of T. S. Hays, of Greensboro, died in Lexington, of typhoid malarial fever.

—The *News-Observer* says there is a seventeen-year-old boy in Raleigh that is 40 inches high and only weighs 36 pounds.

—The North Carolina Railroad Company has declared a semi-annual dividend of three per cent., payable first of September.

—The Greensboro *North State* says: Mayor King has asked for proposals to build water works in Greensboro, the bids to be filed by September 1st, 1887.

—The Concord Farmers' Institute was a great success and they say one of the best things about it was the address of Dr. Annie Lowrey Alexander, of Charlotte.

—Samuel Wilson has started on a trip, via. Deep River and the Cape Fear, from Jamestown, Guilford county, to Wilmington. He will live on board his boat.

—Mandamus proceedings have been commenced against the Clerk of the Superior Court of Guilford, to compel him to induct into office the Magistrates appointed by the Governor. The writ is returnable before Judge Shepherd on the 31st.

—Mrs. Fanny Carmichael, aged 93 years, died at the home of her son-inlaw, Dr. L. Harrill, in Statesville, on the first day of August. She was buried at Brier Creek, Wilkes county, near where she was born.

—The Fair of the Roanoke and Tar River Agricultural and Mechanical Society will be held at Weldon, on November 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th. The Roanoke *News* predicts it will be the most successful ever held.

—Immigration Agent Patrick has gone to New York State to prepare for his exhibit of North Carolina resources and products at various fairs in that State. The displays are made at no cost to the State.

—A very severe and destructive storm raged along the North Carolina coast on Saturday last, wrecking several vessels and destroying the Signal Service apparatus at Kitty Hank, the wind blowing 125 miles an hour.

—Last week, one morning, on going to his store, Burgess Nichols, of Charlotte, found that burglars had artistically drilled a hole in the safe and put half a pound of powder inside, for a blast. The fuse was ready to be lighted.

—At Wilson, Sunday night, as Joseph Simms and John Moody, negro boys aged about 15 years, were playing with a revolver it was discharged while in Simms's hands. The ball passed through Moody's body and killed him instantly.

—Raleigh is having another visitation of winged ants similar to the one they had several years ago. They come by millions swarming around the electric lights almost taking the city. The light seems to attract them from a distance.

—Prof. George F. Atkinson, of the University, was married, last Wednesday, at the residence of William H. Kerr, brother of the bride, to Miss Lizzie Kerr, daughter of the late Professor and State Geologist, William C. Kerr.

—Dr. C. W. Dabney has resigned as director of the Agricultural Experiment Station at Raleigh to become President of the University of Tennessee to which he has been elected. Dr. Herbert B. Battle has been elected to fill the vacancy temporarily.

—Greensboro *News*: The height of Moore's Knob, as far as ascertained by the United Coast Survey, is 2,572 feet. Moore's Knob is one of the points of interest in the Danbury section, and the view from its crest is one of the finest within the bounds of North Carolina.

—Yadkin Valley *News*: Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Jones, who reside near White Plains, Surry county, called at our office last Saturday. They brought with them their baby not quite three months old. This little one has six toes on each foot and 5 fingers and a thumb on each hand.

—By a sudden and unexpected falling of a window sash, Miss Jessie Gilmer, of Mt. Airy, received a very painful and dangerous wound on the head one day last week. We are glad to state, however, that she is doing as well as could be expected. It is hoped that Miss Gilmer will soon be well.—*Mt. Airy News.*

—The Durham libel case has been amicably settled. Mr. King, editor of the *Craftsman*, announces that the article copied from the *Labor Herald*, the publication of which caused the trouble "did injustice to Messrs. J. M. Odell and Julian S. Carr, and the other officers of the Company."

GASTONIA, N. C., Aug. 17.—A severe storm of wind, rain, thunder and lightning passed over Yorkville this evening. At Clover there was a fair water spout. At Gastonia the lightning was terrific. The residence of M. E. Purseley, in the centre of town was nearly demolished. Two sets of furniture were ruined. Mrs. Purseley was knocked down. One lady is now sick in bed from the effects. The walls of the cellar of the Falls House fell in. The water courses are rising rapidly. The Narrow Guage train passed through the storm safely from Yorkville, and left here on time. The track in some places is on a level with the gushing waters.

—A white man named Crawford, the much married man, was convicted at Hendersonville court last week, Judge Boykin presiding, of seduction under promise of marriage. He was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary, which is all the law allows. The Judge told him he would like to give him five years more if possible.

—At Bob Miller's house, on C. Hamlin's plantation, while one of the children was sitting in the room an old red fox calmly walked into the room, took a survey of the surroundings and went up stairs. The Dan Valley *Echo* says the girl followed and tried to brain him with a shovel, but Reynard leaped from the window and made off to the woods.

—Ex Governor Jarvis has been dangerously ill at Rio Janeiro. A letter received at Raleigh states that he is now convalescing from an attack of malarial fever of the worst type. For 3 weeks he was extremely ill, and for one week his condition was critical, and his life was dispered of. Four physicians attended him, one never leaving his room for seven days and nights. The Minister says that he was deeply moved by the sympathy and kindness of the people, and that the utmost attention was paid him. He had barely strength enough to write and give this news.

—The Greensboro *Workman* says: Mr. Barnes, of South Greensboro, has showed us a most remarkable specimen from the floral world, which is nothing more or less than a green rose, which is said to bloom every month in the year. Its leaves are soft, and there are no thorns about the stem. There is a cluster consisting of one main stem in the centre, and then others standing apart in regular position. It is represented that this bush was brought to the neighborhood from the State of Indiana, by G. L. Anthony, about twenty years ago, and that all attempts to multiply the species by cuttings have proved fruitless.

The Asheville *Citizen* gives an account of a most thrilling affair which happened at Clyde's last week during the freshets, resulting in a narrow escape from drowning of 3 parties. Jno. Myatt, of Waynesville, and Misses Teague and Roberts, of Haywood, got into a boat on the Pigeon river. The boat got too close to the dam, and the occupants losing control of it, the young man and the ladies were swept over into a whirling pool sixteen feet below, from which they were rescued only by the most heroic exertions of several parties, particularly Mr. Hanna.

—Bertie and Hyde counties and other sections of Eastern North Carolina are suffering from freshets in the rivers, the Cash and Roanoke rivers being flooded with water standing 20 and 25 feet deep above the average high-water mark. The cotton and corn fields fronting on the rivers are entirely destroyed, the fields being flooded with water deep enough to sail a boat over the top of the corn. The poor class of people who live near the rivers have lost everything they possessed, and had to leave their homes and take to their boats for safety. Their houses are in water up to the second story. It is said that this is the worst freshet season ever experienced in that part of the country.

ENOCHVILLE, N. C., Aug. 20.—The 50th anniversary of St. Enochs church was celebrated at Enochville, Rowan county, on the 17th inst.

The first church building was dedicated by Rev. Mr. Artz, in the year 1839.

Since which time the following named divines have served the charge: Rev. P. A. Stroble, N. G. Harter, J. H. Caufman, B. N. Hopkins, J. H. Heiley, J. W. Barrier, A. D L. Mozer, W. A. Julian and W. A. Lutz. Of these the six first named are dead.

The ministers present and taking part in the exercises of the day, were Revs. S. Rothrock, J. D. Shirey, W. B. Ketchie, R. W. Petrea, A. D. L. Mozer, F. W. E. Peschau, W. A. Lutz, and candidate, C. B. Miller.

—*Charlotte Observer.*

—The following mining news appears in the Greensboro *Workman*: The Smelting Works, at Thomasville, are fast approaching completion and will be ready for operation by the middle of September. Mr. Andreasen has been opening up the Roanoke Mine, which is situated 4 miles from Thomasville. The shaft has been sunk to a depth of 32 feet. Brown ore of good quality was found. He uncovered the ledge for 500 feet from former workings and found the vein of ore to be four feet wide and of excellent quality.

In Montgomery county within a circuit of 4 miles there are now 100 stamps at work, 40 at Steel Mine, 40 at the Appalachian and 20 at the Russell

On the south-western side of the Yadkin River an English company are making arrangements to take water from the river and run it through a flume for a distance of 4 miles, at the end of which the water will be raised to a height of 284 feet above the workings. From thence will be lead on to extensive surface mining fields which have been purchased by that company.

—Senator Riddleberger is thought to be insane, and Judge Newman has issued an order to the jailor to release him until such time as such physicians as may be selected by the court shall certify that he is in a fit condition to be returned to jail. This order has given temporary relief to the intense nervous strain upon the community, which has caused the good people of all shades of political belief to cling together in their efforts to preserve the peace at all hazards.

CHARLESTON, S. C., August 20.—Extremely unfavorable accounts were received here to-day from the rice plantations in the south Santee district of this State. The freshet of last week has not yet subsided and another freshet is looked for daily. Many of the plantations are now under water and great destruction has resulted. Another flood is now feared that will completely ruin this year's rice crop.

GENERAL NEWS.

—Daniel Emmett, the author of "Dixie," is still living in Chicago.

—Black and red ants are ravaging Hudson river villages, N. Y.

—Roscoe Conklin is said to make $100,000 per annum at the bar.

—Strawberries are sold in the San Francisco market every month in the year except January.

—Cuatro Dedos, the famous bull fighter, cleared $40,000 during his recent trip in Mexico.

—The Virginia tobacco crop, say the Danville papers has been considerably damaged.

—In the last 12 years the United States has received 4,000,000 emigrants from the Old World.

—There are 7,609 convicts in the United States who turn out a little over $10,000,000 worth of shoes per year.

—A terrific storm at Republican City, Nebraska, wrecked several houses, killing two men and injuring six, on Thursday of last week.

—The lightning has been playing destruction in several Northern States. On the 1st of August many persons were killed and much property was destroyed.

—The Kentucky militia at Morehead, Rowan county, believing prevention better than cure, have seized and confiscated all the arms of the desperadoes they could find.

—A serious riot took place at Alden, Pa., between striking coal miners and "scabs." Two of the latter were mortally wounded and a large number on both sides were injured.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—The steamer Trave, arrived from Southampton to-day, brought $850,000 in gold. About $1,500,000 has been ordered for shipment from London and Paris to New York.

—The records of Philadelphia show that July was the hottest month known in that city. It will be known generally as "the hot July," unless August should rival it; then it will be the "hot summer."

—D. W. Bushyhead, who has been chief of the Cherokee Indians in the Indian Territory for years, was defeated, last week, by ex Judge of the Supreme court, Joel B. Mayes. Mayes is progressive and pledged to reform.

—Milford Woodruff, 80 years old, has been elected President of the Morman Church in place of John Taylor, dec'd. Woodruff is said to be a fugitive and is hiding to escape the severe provisions of the Edmunds act against polygamy.

WATERBURY, Conn., August 16.—Mrs. John McSheehy, of Shelton, furnished bail before a justice to-day, and September 9 will answer to the charge of bigamy. The State expects to prove that she has seven husbands now living.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—An elevator in the collar and cuff manufactory of G. Ridenbury, 47 Mercer street, crowded with employees, fell this morning, killing a girl named Jane Lynch and injuring a number of others. The elevator contained about 18 female hands employed in the factory.

—The steamer City of Montreal, of the Inman line, which left New York on the 6th inst., for Liverpool, with about 450 passengers and crew was burned at sea on the night of the 10th inst.; all on board were saved by a passing steamer, and safely landed at Queenstown, except 13, who are supposed to have perished

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—The steamer Columbia from Mediterranean ports arrived here yesterday with her stern badly broken. She reports having run into an iceberg off the Banks Saturday night. The berg was about two hundred feet high and masses of ice fell on the decks. The passengers were terribly frightened. The escape from foundering was remarkable.

ENFIELD, Ill., August 19.—Two terrible accidents occurred here this morning at the reunion of the 87th Illinois Veterans. During the sham battle a cannon was prematurely discharged, blowing off the right arm of James Crockett. An instant later, a few rods distant, another cannon was prematurely discharged and stretched five bleeding victims on the ground.

DANVILLE, Va., Aug. 17.—A violent storm has raged in this section since 6 o'clock. The lightning struck the belfry on the Exchange Warehouse and tore a part of it away. The bolt than passed along the telephone wires to the central office, and the wires were melted and several persons in the room were severely shocked, but nobody seriously hurt. A ball of fire as large as fists fell in the office, and numerous sparks were scattered about the floor.

MARION, Ind., August 20.—Word has been received here announcing a terrible tragedy in the southwestern part of this county, eighteen miles from here. It appears that some time last night Mrs. Newton Lightfoot, wife of a farmer, arose and walked in her sleep. Her movements attracted the attention of her son, Frank Lightfoot, who, mistaking her for a burglar, shot and killed her. Coroner Lord has left for the scene.

DENVER, Aug. 18.—A special from Glenwood Springs says: The White river Ute Indians have sent runners to the Uncompahghre camp, the Blackfoot, Sioux, Crow and other tribes in Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and Idaho for aid. Colorow knows he must fight, that this will be a decisive battle, and that it will end the Indian question forever. He has determined, it is said, to have the other tribes brought into the present difficulty, and while the outbreak has been local so far, he wants to make it a national one. The runners are reported to have started to the camps of the other tribes from Yellow Jacket Pass Sunday night. Duncan Blain, a white ranchman who married a Ute squaw, and who is said to be popular with the Utes, is alleged to have stated this to be a fact.

More Railroad Accidents

It seems as if railroad accidents are increasing. It is not even safe to be on engines while getting ready in the yards.

A few days since two heavy engines while making ready for the trains in the yard of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, of Philadelphia, accidently got away and ran out on the main track, but fortunately ran a short distance, sided and plunged down an enbankment killing engineer and injuring fireman.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 18.—Another collision occurred on the B. & O. railroad last night. The east bound freight train ran into the rear of another freight train three miles west of Ellicott City. Seventeen cars were wrecked; the engineer and conductor of one of the trains being severely, if not fatally injured.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Aug. 18.—At four o'clock this morning passenger train number 8 on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago R. R., at Byard Station 12 miles east of Alliance was wrecked. The track spread and the rear sleeper was thrown from the track. The porter on the sleeper, O. Werner, residing in Pittsburg, was instantly killed.

NAPIERVILLE, Ill., August 18.—At 4:45 o'clock this morning a cattle train was standing on the main track of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad when another stock train crashed with terrible force into the rear end. The caboose was thrown twenty feet down an enbankment and the engine ploughed through three cars loaded with fat steers, almost totally demolishing them and killing and maiming the cattle and injuring engineer.

A WAR CURIOSITY.—Alfred Shield has in his possession a genuine curiosity. It is a pair of minie balls which had evidently struck each other in mid-air and had flattened themselves out against each other in the impact. The peculiar characteristics of these balls are very marked, one being readily recognized as of Confederate, and the other as Yankee make. This relic of the war was picked up at Cold Harbor. In all likelihood the two balls came from the guns of opposing sharpshooters, who had taken deadly aim at each other and fired simultaneously, causing the missels from their respective guns to meet in transit and while each was on its fatal mission. If this theory is correct, the collision of those two balls, in all likelihood, saved the lives of 2 men. At any rate the relic is remarkable and interesting.

—The September number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE opens with an attractive article on "Riding in New York," by a New York equestrian, with a number of spirited illustrations from T. de Thulstrup. The writer reviews the growth of horsemanship in the metropolis, and pleasantly describes the prevailing fashions of riding, and the facilities afforded for this exercise in the Park, the roads, and the clubs of the city.

The frontispiece of the number is a beautiful illustration of Wordsworth's sonnet, "The River Duddon," by Alfred Parsons.

The second and concluding part of Howard Pyle's account of "Buccaneers and Marooners of the Spanish Main" narrates the exciting careers of the later notables among this wonderful group of adventurers. Four engravings after the author's paintings graphically illustrate the text.

Dr. Wheatley shows that there is such a thing as "Home Rule in the Isle of Man," by which the Island of Mona has for a long time governed itself with increasing independence.

Blanche Willis Howard furnishes the first half of a humorous novelette called "Tony, the Maid," which is illustrated by Reinhart.

"The South American Yankee" is an admirable article on Chili and the Chillanoes, by a South American traveller, William Eleroy Curtis, with a profusion of illustrations.

The number is extraordinary rich in short stories, containing, besides Miss Howard's "Tony, the Maid," a charming story of the negro characters "Moll and Virgil," by R. M. Johnston, illustrated by Kappes, and a fascinating tale of old England by Amelie Rives, entitled "Nurse Crumpet Tells the Story."

All the departments of HARPER'S MAGAZINE more than sustain their previous reputation. Price 34 a year.

St. Nicholas for September.

The number opens with a delightful frontispiece, by Mary Hallock Foote, illustrating "Tib Tyler's Beautiful Mother," a charming tale of life at a seaside watering-place, by Nora Perry.

A paper that will interest boys is the article on "Christ's Hospital,"—the famous "Blue-coat School" of London,—where the scholars never wear hats, dress very nearly as the boys did when the school was founded, hundreds of years ago, and have many quaint and curious customs. Both girls and boys will be interested in the account, in E. S. Brooks's "Historic Girls" series, of "Christian of Sweden," who was much more like a boy than a girl in her nature, and was, in fact crowned "King" of Sweden.

General Adam Badeau writes comprehensively and thrillingly of the "Battle of Gettysburg" and of Pickett's glorious but futile charge; while George J. Manson shows the young man who is "Ready for Business," and wishes to become a "Sea captain," the bright and seamy sides of a sailor's life and the best and safest way of accomplishing his ambition.

The serials by Miss Baylor and by H. H. Boyesen are continued, with joy for "Juan and Juanita," and sorrow for "Fiddle-John's Family."

The "Brownies" indulge in "Archery"; there are poems by Helen Gray Cone, F. D. Sherman, Lizbeth B. Comins, Henry Tyrrell, O. Herford, and others; and pictures, among others, by Robert Blum, Alfred Brennan, George Wharton Edwards, Henry Sandham, Lizbeth B. Comins, O. Herford, and C. L. Vogt.

"It Saved My Life"

Is a common expression, often heard from those who have realized, by personal use, the curative powers of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, believing as I do that, but for its use, I should long since have died from lung troubles.—E. Bragdon, Palestine, Tex.

About six months ago I had a severe Hemorrhage of the Lungs, brought on by a distressing Cough, which deprived me of sleep and rest. I had used various cough balsams and expectorants, without obtaining relief. A friend advised me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

I did so, and am happy to say that it helped me at once. By continued use this medicine cured my cough, and, I am satisfied, saved my life.—Mrs. E. Coburn, 18 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for over a year, and sincerely believe I should have been in my grave, had it not been for this medicine. It has cured me of a dangerous affection of the lungs, for which I had almost despaired of ever finding a remedy.—D. A. McMullen, Windsor, Province of Ontario.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life. Two years ago I took a very severe Cold which settled on my lungs. I consulted physicians, and took the remedies they prescribed, but failed to obtain relief until I began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Two bottles of this medicine completely restored my health.—Lizzie M. Allen, West Lancaster, Ohio. ††

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

THIS MEANS YOU.

When in need of Nails, Horseshoes, Axes, Hoes, Mattocks, Stoves, among which may be found

THE CELEBRATED

R. E. LEE COOK,

Farming Implements of all kinds, Machinery of every description, or, in fact, anything in the

HARDWARE LINE

go to R. R. CRAWFORD'S, who keeps a large and complete stock of the best quality of

HARDWARE

which he sells at bottom figures.

DON'T—FORGET—THE—PLACE.

R. R. CRAWFORD,

HARDWARE MERCHANT,

LIBERTY ST., WINSTON, N.C.

T. R. PURNELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

RALEIGH, N. C.

BUSINESS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

CHOICE BOOKS.

Ben Hur, Fair God, Jess, Hornet's Nest, Miss Churchill Silence of Dean Maitland, Earnest Trifler, Lamplighter, Scudder's Stories and Romances, Burglars in Paradise.

Facsimile editions of

Herbert Temple, 1633, The Complete Angler, 1653, Pilgrim's Progress, 1678.

The above are quaint volumes and a typographical curiosity.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GEMS.

Inkstands, Jewel Boxes, Scarf Pins and Mineral Cabinets.

Curious and valuable.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF

BLAIR'S STATIONERY

for Schools and Correspondence at Manufacturers' Prices.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

-: NURSERYMEN :-

—AND—

-:TREE DEALERS.:-

A RARE BARGAIN IS OFFERED BY the undersigned, in a

Very Fine Lot of Apple and Peach Trees,

consisting of from 6,000 to 8,000, all over 4 feet; about one-third are 2 years Peach, and remainder 2 years and 3 years Apple—fine trees and choice varieties.

I would be pleased to receive offers for the above stock from any responsible party, as I am anxious to dispose of it at an early day, and in order to do so, will sell at

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

Farmers and Orchardists, in fact all who want or need a lot of Fruit Trees, Vines, &c., should not fail to examine

MY STOCK AND PRICES

before placing their orders for Fall planting, as I have some rare bargains to offer, and quality considered, I don't propose to be UNDERSOLD by ANY responsible party.

List of varieties and full particulars for stamp. Correspondence solicited.

Address J. R. OSBORNE, Prop'r.

Lone Star Nursery,

Bethany, Davidson Co., N. C.

Please mention this paper.

HARTER'S IRON TONIC

THE ONLY TRUE

Will purify the BLOOD regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and RESTORE the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power.

LADIES Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only adds to its popularity. Do not experiment—get ORIGINAL AND BEST

Dr. HARTER'S LIVER PILLS Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.

THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

FRIES, GIERSH & SENSEMAN,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS.

SPRING 1887.

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

Jeans,	Bed Tick,	Cashmere,	White Goods,
Cottonades,	Ginghams,	Delaines,	Cheese Cloth,
Domestics,	Bunch Cotton,	CrinkleSeersucker,	Prints,
Shirtings,	Carpet Warp,	Dress Ginghams,	Knitting Yarn,
Plaids,	Oil Cloth,	Lawns,	Hoisery, &c.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

Sugar,	Flour,	Hams,	Tea,
Coffee,	Meal,	Shoulders,	Molasses,
Bacon.	Kerosene Oil,	Rice,	Syrup,
Lard,	Snuff,	Hominy,	Tobacco & Cigars.

HARDWARE.

Avery Plows,	Glass,	Spades.	Hoes,
Nails,	Rakes,	Trace Chains,	Forks and Shovels,
Hinges and Locks,	Hammers,	Screws,	Axes and Cutlery.

ALL KINDS OF DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Fertilizer, Field Seeds, Seed Potatoes, Corn, Oats, Feedstuff, Salt, Lime, &c.

AGENT FOR SALEM AND WINSTON FOR

ZEICLER BROS' FINE SHOES.

For neatness, comfort, style and durability, these Shoes are justly celebrated. A big line

FOR LADIES, CENTS' AND CHILDREN

always in stock. We also carry a good assortment of other and cheaper shoes.

We want your trade and will guarantee prices as low as the lowest.—quality of goods considered. When you come to the city make our store headquarters, ample stable room for your stock. All kinds of country produce bought and sold.

Your friends,

FRIES, GIERSH & SENSEMAN, Main St., Salem, N. C

March 17, 1887—6m.

HARDWARE.

McCormick MOWERS & REAPERS.	MACHINERY of all kinds.	HARNESS of all styles.
Clipper and F. F. PLOWS.	ENGINES & BOILERS.	Manufactured by us and Guaranteed
Hoes, Traces,	Mill Supplies.	1st CLASS.
Hames, &c.	Belting and Oils.	Patent Riveted Collars.
	Corn and Flour Mills.	

A Large Line of COOK STOVES, PAINTS, OILS, &c.

Special attention to Wholesale Trade. Come and see us, or write for prices.

BROWN, ROGERS & CO., Winston, N. C.

March 25-6m.

W. P. ORMSBY,

Would inform his friends and the public that, in addition to his old stand in Salem, he is now running a store and office in

WINSTON, N. C., LIBERTY BLOCK,

WHERE ALL FIRST-CLASS

ORGANS, PIANOS & MUSICAL GOODS,

can be procurred at lowest possible terms. Also the famous

Light Running Domestic Sewing Machine.

LOOK FOR THE SIGN

ORMSBY & HARRELL,

SOUTHERN MUSIC HOUSE AND DOMESTIC MACHINE OFFICE, LIBERTY BLOCK, OPPOSITE FARMER'S WAREHOUSE.

Pianos and all musical instruments and Sewing Machines repaired or exchange.

Announcement.

We have just received direct from Northern cities, and are now opening an entirely New and Fresh Stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods and Notions, Plain and Fancy Groceries, a full and complete line of Shoes, Hats, Hardware, Drugs and Crockery, and everything generally kept in a first class General Merchandise Store.

We have purchased at the lowest cash figures, and will sell at the lowest possible margin. We hope by fair dealings and polite attention to all persons to merit a fair share of the public patronage. Mr. Clinard cordially invites all his old friends and the public generally to come and see him. With an experience of 40 years in the mercantile business he feels flattered that he can please his friends of the past and hopes to add many to the list of those whom he has waited upon.

Very respectfully, yours,

CLINARD & BROOKES.

Pfohl & Stockton Old Stand, Salem, N. C.

E. A. GRIFFITH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

WINSTON, N. C.

OFFICE OVER CLARK & FORD'S STORE.

Will practice in Superior, Supreme and Federal Courts. Strict attention given to all business, especially to collection of claims.

Will negotiate loans on the best of security. Mar. 4, '86—tf.

HERE I AM AGAIN.

Modesty is a good trait, but the bargains I am offering compel me to speak. I am exhibiting

A GRAND SELECTION OF

Notions, Dry Goods and Groceries,

of high merit, which must all be sold very cheap for cash or saleable produce. Come and examine my stock of goods and let me quote prices on same, and then you go to the cheapest store anywhere and do likewise and be convinced that at my store is the identical place to buy at extremely low prices.

Quick Sales and Small Profits,

shall be my motto. Cheap John is not my name and I dare not infringe on his reputation, but I have no objections to claiming kin with him in the name of a Twin Brother, for I am his equal on low prices, and his superior in qualities of nice, fresh first-class tip top number one Goods of nearly all kinds.

Come and see me at once in the village of Waughtown, 2 miles south of Salem, N. C.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN H. SINK.

July 14, 1887.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Messrs. N. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents.

FOR MAN AND BEAST!

Mexican Mustang Liniment

CURES

Sciatica,	Scratches.	Contracted Muscles,
Lumbago,	Sprains,	Eruptions,
Rheumatism.	Strains,	Hoof Ail,
Burns,	Stitches.	Screw
Scalds,	Stiff Joints,	Worms,
Stings,	Backache,	Swinney,
Bites,	Galls,	Saddle Galls.
Bruises,	Sores,	Piles.
Bunions,	Spavin	
Corns,	Cracks.	

THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY

accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its **universal applicability.** Everybody needs such a medicine.

The Lumberman needs it in case of accident.

The Housewife needs it for general family use

The Cranker needs it for his teams and his men.

The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench.

The Miner needs it in case of emergency.

The Pioneer needs it—can't get along without it.

The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable and his stock yard.

The Steamboat man or the Boatman need it in liberal supply afloat and ashore.

The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance.

The Stock-grower needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble.

The Railroad man needs it and will need it as long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers.

The Backwoodsman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life, limb and comfort which surround the pioneer.

The Merchant needs it about his store among his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once.

Keep a Bottle in the House. 'Tis the best of economy.

Keep a Bottle in the Factory. Its immediate use in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages.

Keep a Bottle Always in the Stable for use when wanted.

ICE AND COAL.

D. H. KING,

ICE AND COAL DEALER,

3RD AND DEPOT STREETS,

WINSTON, N. C.

Belo Pond Ice Delivered Promptly Every Morning, Sundays Excepted.

For convenience I will keep open the Ice House on Sundays from 7 to 10 A. M., and from 4 to 6 P. M.

ORDERS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

D. H. KING.

April 21—3 m.

A. N. ZEVELY & SON,

Agents for Mail Contractors,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1887.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Departure and arrival of Trains on the Salem Branch—N. W. N. C. R. R.

On and after Sunday Nov. 14th, trains leave as follows:

No. 9 Leaves 5.30 a. m. Mail closes 5 a. m.
" 10 Arrives 11.30 a. m.
" 11 Leaves 7.20 p.m. Mail closes 6:45 p.m.
" 12 Arrives 12.30 a. m.
Money Order and Register business closes at 6.15 p. m.

—Surry Court this week.

—A. A. Spaugh's condition is about the same as last week.

—Walter Barrow is confined to his room with a severe attack of fever.

—A small landslide detained the train on the Salem branch a short time ago.

—The proceeds of the late Masonic picnic in Davie county amounted to $218.

—J. F. Westmoreland has started a newspaper at Thomasville. Success to him.

—The Salem Iron Works have sent a Tar Heel Planer and Matcher to Robeline, La.

—Miss Linnie Anthony is visiting in the family of Preston Jones, Yadkin county.

—The big bridge over the Little Yadkin, near Dalton's, will be finished in a few weeks.

—Last week, Adderton & Badgett, of Jackson Hill, shipped to Baltimore 12,700 pipes.

—Aquilla Brewer, a well known citizen, died in Winston, on Saturday, the 13th inst., of heart disease.

—The single brethren of Salem congregation will celebrate their annual festival on Sunday, 28th inst.

—Jno. Lashmit was in town again. Among other fine melons he had three brag ones, weighing together 151¾ lbs.

—Miss Minnie Vogler has returned from a visit of several weeks to her sister, Mrs. Jesse Carter, of Madison, N. C.

JUST OPENED—A fine lot of Blank Boooks and School Stationery. At reduced prices. SALEM BOOKSTORE.

—L. H. Scranton and C. F. Lee, of Central New York, have bought the Salem Paper Mill. Success to the enterprise.

—The remains of John Shepperd, formerly of Winston, and late of Salisbury, were interred in the Cemetery on Thursday last.

—John Lashmit, the watermelon king, had two more fifty-five pounders in town last week. One was marked for the sheriff.

—Greek O. Andrews, formerly of the *Sentinel*, Winston, and late of the Greensboro *News*, has accepted a position on the Anniston, Ala., *Hot Blast*.

—Our neighbor, C. R. Welfare, has just finished painting his store and dwelling, improving its appearance very much. Lee Ernest handled the brush.

—The Union Grove Reform Club will give a picnic and supper at their chapel on the first Saturday in September. They contemplate building a new hall.

—Messrs. Hinshaw & Medearis shipped on Saturday last a car load (40,000 lbs.) of dried fruit. On the same date Messrs. Vaughn & Pepper shipped a like quantity of dried blackberries.—*Daily.*

—Several ladies will soon canvass the town in behalf of the Matthew Stach monument. Mr. Stach was among the first missionaries to Greenland, and is buried at Bethabara (Old Town) in this county.

—Through the kindness of J. O. Hall, we saw a beautiful specimen of the Night-blooming Cactus, grown by W. H. Hall, of this place, the flower is pure white and very fragrant. It was much admired.

—Salem Female Academy opens next Thursday. Several young ladies have already arrived and entered, viz: Miss E. J. Ingram, of Pine Bluff, Ark., and Misses F. N. and E. J. Hardee, of Rockbridge, Florida.

—Rev. H. A. Brown, of the First Baptist church, Winston, has declined the call to Scotland Neck. Rev. Mr. Brown is deservedly popular, and we are glad to learn that he remains with the church which has grown up under his ministrations.

—The Woolen Mills of Messrs. F. & H. Fries have recently put in two new spinning mules of 216 spindles each. They are of the latest improved pattern, from the shops of Davis & Furbur, of North Andover, Mass. Total number of spindles now in operation 882.

—Last fall, on R. S. Adderton's farm in Cotton Grove, Jeff Palmer turned and sowed wheat from which he harvested a little over five hundred bushels this summer. For one man farming this will do very well, when it is considered that Mr. Palmer also raised other crops.

—Two drummers, hailing from Winston, narrowly escaped being made the victims of a dreadful accident near Danbury the other day. While driving around a very rough and ragged hill the hack turned over and went some distance over a steep precipice, lodging in the tops of some trees. Otherwise, our informant says, the men and horses would have been instantly killed.—*Daily.*

—We learn from the *Daily* that J. A. Malcomb, from Winston, was accidentally thrown from the train about two miles beyond Kernersville, and which may prove fatal injuries. It seems that Malcolm was standing on the rear end of the last coach while the engine was stopped to take on wood. The suddenness with which the train was started threw him off his balance, his breast striking the cross-ties. He is under medical treatment in Greensboro, and is in a precarious condition.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Rights are summering at Danbury.——A little child of John Shields died on Sunday evening, 14th inst.——Protracted meeting of the Methodist church first Sunday in October.——The members of the Moravian church contemplate enlarging their house of worship.——Jonathan Perry, an old citizen, died suddenly on Friday, 12th inst.——McGalliard & Huske furnished the granite corner stone for the Greensboro Graded School.—*News and Farm Kernersville.*

—In speaking of a recent defalcation at the Troy postoffice, a gentleman said: "It is never safe to inclose an old bill in an envelope to be sent by mail. Why, men who are experts can tell whether a letter contains money or not simply by the sense of smell. If you will notice an old greenback, it has a peculiar smell about it that can readily be perceived, even if it be enclosed in a letter. It is better to send a registered letter or a postal note, or if you inclose a bill, be sure it is a new one. That will not smell.—*Albany Journal.*

—During one of the recent storms the electric display was sharp near the residence of T. H. Spaugh, in South Fork township. Mr. and Mrs. Spaugh were in the front porch and a daughter was at an upper window, when what looked like a ball of fire was seen dashing along in a field near by, emitting sparks and finally exploding into fragments. No one was injured but the family were considerably shocked.

During another recent storm a citizen of this place was leaning over his ice-house door watching a colored man get out some ice. A lantern was necessary owing to the darkness. All at once the interior of the ice-house was illuminated with a ghastly blue light, which instantly changed to white, and then was gone, leaving the parties in utter darkness. There was no thunder, but the lantern was put out, and the chimney, of oblong form, was cracked in four places, each equidistant from the other. No shock was felt during the flash, only a cringing, chilly sensation, like the breaking in upon the mind of some slow horror. What kind of electricity was that?

On Sunday last the children of the Moravian church celebrated their annual festival. It is a memorial day of the great revival among the children of the congregation of Herrnhut, Saxony, where the present Moravian or United Brethern's Church originated. In the afternoon there was a lovefeast, and at night at the close of the regular meeting an open air service concluded the exercises of the day. The front of the church was illuminated with chinese lanterns, reaching from the church to the residence of the Principal of the Academy, and in the center of the street, directly overhead, was a group of lanterns, arranged as a chandelier. The effect was beautiful, and the singing good, the whole congregation joining in the benediction. Dr. Rondthaler conducted the services.

—Several towns in the western part of the State boast of direct importations of goods.

Salem, while it may not *import* merchandise direct, *exports* cotton goods extensively. The Messrs. Fries ship large quantities of their cotton sheeting to China direct. Their Woolen Mills have orders ahead all the year round, and they have recently added new machinery to increase the production of woolen fabrics.

The Salem Iron Works *export* Saw Mills, Planers, &c., to Siam, South America, and other foreign countries, while Winston tobacco reaches England, Germany and France direct from the factories and leaf dealers. Exports are better than imports.

—The people of Winston-Salem may be considered impatient about the Wilkesboro and Midland railroad surveys, but they are not the only ones. The Davie *Times* says: "The people of Davie are readyand willing to help build the Roanoke & Southern Railroad, but they must have something more than promises, as they have been deceived *too* many times already." The Roanoke & Southern are making preliminary surveys now and matters look bright in that direction.

—There is considerable complaint about the grape rot in this place and vicinity. Mr. Robert F. Linville, who has a large vineyard, told us on Saturday last that he would scarcely make half the quantity of wine he made two years since. Last year he met with a similar disappointment. He also says that the grapes are not as fine for marketing, the bunches being faulty with decayed berries. His experience is that a vineyard will last about six years profitably, and then the trouble begins, although he attended to the vines as usual. He has tried young vines in an old vineyard, but with poor success. He thinks land not heretofore occupied by grapes should be planted in time for a succession, before the old vineyard becomes profitless. The old vineyard could be brought back by cultivating other crops.

Mr. N. W. Craft's fifteen years' experience in grape growing is given in his catalogue on page 22.

Since writing the above we have received the following communication:

"Bagging grapes is a specialty at the Cedar Cove Nurseries, at Shore, Yadkin county, N. C., which protects the grapes from all insects, water soaking from rain or heavy dews, keeping grapes on the vine until October and November. The Concord will keep in this way, hanging on the vine, until November. Secure common quality manilla wrapping paper, or good, heavy news-paper will do, cut pieces of sufficient size to hold each a bunch of grapes, and set your sewing-machine to light, long stitches, and sew up the paper into a bag. It is then ready to open the mouth of the sack and slip over a bunch of grapes on the vine, and with a string tie the paper above the bunch of grapes securely. At these Nurseries a small wire is used, giving a twist or two around the stem of grape instead of a string. The sacking has just commenced here, and the passer-by can see dotted all over the vineyard these little bags, each one containing a huge bunch of grapes. Try, if only a few bunches, and see what a luxury you can have late in the fall and winter.

DAVIDSON COUNTY

From the Lexington Dispatch.

ARRESTED FOR STEALING COUNTY ORDERS.—Yesterday morning John B. Newsom was arrested on a warrant issued by Justice J. H. Moyer, for the larceny of county orders from the office of the register of deeds. During the past few weeks, persons in whose favor the orders had been made out, have come into the register's office to demand them, and in quite a number of instances the orders were missing not being receipted for in the book kept for that purpose. In each instance Mr. Loftin has paid the money out of his own pocket, and at the same time kept a sharp lookout for the papers, expecting them to turn up somewhere. He was not disappointed, for on Monday it transpired that Newsom had sold a number of the missing orders, amounting to about fifteen dollars, to Mr. W. G. Penry, merchant, and on the information thus obtained, the warrant was issued. On the defendant's affidavit the case was moved before B. Nooe, Esq., and was continued until Friday at two o'clock, p. m., the defendant being required to give bond in the sum of two hundred dollars for his appearance. After the trial it was learned that on Monday Newsom had sold orders to the amount of nineteen dollars to W. D. Smith & Co. On his motion for continuance, his counsel stated that they will be able to show on trial that he obtained the orders honestly. Later in the day Newsom was searched on authority of a search warrant issued by Justice Nooe, and orders to the amount of $58.99 were found on his person. Up to this time about seventy or eighty of the stolen papers, amounting to about one hundred dollars have been discovered. Great interest in the case is manifested by the public. Newsom is now in jail, his surety having surrendered him yesterday afternoon.

—Do you wish a beautiful complexion? Then use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses and purifies the blood, and thereby removes blotches and pimples from the skin, making it smooth and clear, and giving it a bright and healthy appearance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

For the Press.

A Pleasant Visit to Raleigh

In attendance of the Grand Grape Show and State Horticultural Society.

Messrs. Editors:—On last Wednesday morning, which was indeed a golden August morning, the writer leaped into an easy vehicle and with a spirited steed sped rapidly from the fertile valleys of the Yadkin, through the umbrageous groves and flowery fields of Forsyth to the growing little city of Winston-Salem. We hastened immediately to the Salem depot, and ere the elapse of ten minutes the great iron horse was bridled, and with his proud head in mid-air bore us away from the noise and turmoil of the busy city. At Durham we were aroused from our nocturnal delusions by the sounding of familiar voices, and were soon grasping the hands of Master Freddie A. Green, oratory medalist of Oak Ridge Institute, and Capt. T. E. Whittaker, of the editorial staff of the Durham *Reporter*. As we hastened onward and approached the object of our journey, in the quiet of the late afternoon, the country became exceedingly lovely, while little rills could be seen rushing through the green vegetation and among the timid violets, glistening in the evening sunlight like streams of molten silver. Sweet odors from hawthorne blossoms and flowering hedges of buttercups and dandelions were wafted to the car window on the downy wings of the evening zephyrs. The musical birds were uttering rapturous notes among the thick foliage of the forest, while the green frogs in the marshes below chanted their sweet refrain. Our eyes were constantly feasting on beautiful panoramas that spread over fair fields and graceful undulations of hills and valleys. Now and then we would pass snow-white cotton fields, sprinkled over with humble laborers, clad in tattered garments, who would raise their straw hats and wave their red handkerchiefs in gleeful salutations as we hurried from their view.

While passing through these dreamy scenes we glanced through our open window into the hazy distance and beheld glittering church spires peeping out from the busy "City of Oaks," while the bare forehead of the capitol shone like a cloud in the sky. Just then the train diminished its speed, and the brakeman called out "Raleigh." Accepting a seat in a comfortable street car we were ushered in the door of a spacious exhibition building where we were introduced to the managers of the association, and began a stroll among the lovely exhibitions of the Grand Grape Show. The inviting decorations, the many lovely displays, the charming clusters of grapes with their exquisite colorings, the beauty of the fountains and wine presses, intermingled with sparkling wines that were spread before our raptured vision, surpasses the imagination of the most vivid conception. We would gladly mention each display separately but time and space forbids.

Among the most attractive we noticed the table of Mr. S. O. Wilson, whose glass globes and grape vine arches were lovely to behold. Passing on we lingered by the handsome and striking display of Col. J. M. Heck, of Raleigh, whose pyramids, baskets and salvers of grapes were artistically arranged by the dainty hands of his fair daughters. Across the room we were greeted by a magnificent display made by Capt. N. W. Craft, the honored proprietor of the famous Cedar Cove Nurseries, at Shore, N. C. His wines were beynd doubt the finest we have ever seen. They consisted of seventeen distinct varieties and colors, made from his own celebrated vineyards, and shone in clear glass bottles which attracted the attention of every visitor in the hall. His fine clusters of choice and faultless grapes, of every hue and many varieties, his large, luscious pears, and his remarkable young, upright, thrifty trees, added much to the attractiveness of his grand exhibition. Col. Heck, in the midst of a large number of hearers, remarked that he had rather go to Capt. Craft for information on fine fruit culture than any man in the State, and that he was a pride to the country and a valuable citizen to his own section.

Being kindly accepted as a member of the State Horticultural Society, we attended the meeting which convened in the court-house on the following day. The Society was treated to several chaste and elegant essays by prominent men and women who manifested a deep interest in its welfare. Though my article is growing long, I cannot refrain from thanking, through this medium, the good people of Raleigh for their kind hospitality shown to an utter stranger. S. F. SHORE.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE.—The very successful farmers' meetings held in other places, should encourage every Davidson county farmer to attend the institute to be held in Lexington on the 30th and 31st of this month. The meetings will be held in Finch's Hall. The following program has been prepared for the occasion:

Prayer, by Rev. R. M. Hoyle, Davidson county; Farming as a business, Dr. J. F. Beall, Davidson county; How to Prevent Land from Washing, W. R. McCuiston, Davidson county; Corn Culture, B. F. Beckerdite, Esq., Davidson county; Cotton Culture, Capt. C. F. Beall, Davidson county; Small Grain, John Dorsett, Esq., Randolph county; Tobacco from Seed-bed to Barn, G. Walser, Esq., Davidson county; Stock Raising, Dr. Joseph Bird, Randolph county; The Garden, Capt. L. C. Hanes, Davidson county; Grasses and Clover, Col. C. McDonald, Cabarrus county; Silos and Ensilage, Dr. D. W. C. Benbow, Guilford county; The Water we Drink; Prof. W. H. Pegram, Trinity College; Manures, Composting and Fertilizers, Dr. C. W. Dabney, Jr., Raleigh; The North Carolina State Department—How it Protects the Farming Interests, Col. John Robinson, Raleigh; Farmer Organizations, Col. L. L. Polk, Raleigh. Short after talks on all the above topics. Exercises begin at 10 a. m. Tuesday; 9:30 a. m. Wednesday.

—A list of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., for the week ending Aug. 20, 1887:

Ladies.

Mrs. Mary S. Charles, Miss A. M. Osborn, Miss Maria H. Robertson, Mrs. Callie Rolland, Mrs. Millie An Spach.

Gentlemen.

Conard Fisher, Mr. A. A. Jack, James Watkins.

T. B. DOUTHIT, P. M.

ATLANTA, Ga., August 20.—The programme of the Piedmont Exposition, which will open here on October 10, was issued to-day. It shows that Birmingham, Anniston, Rome, Gadsden, Decatur, Sheffield, Talladega, Tallapoosa and other mineral and manufacturing centres, and several railroad companies in the Piedmont region, will make elaborate collective exhibits of agricultural and industrial products, minerals and woods. These collective exhibits will make the largest and richest exposition of Southern resources ever seen. One thousand men are at work providing extra space to accommodate the exhibit.

W. C. T. U. Convention.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union Convention for the Fifth District of North Carolina will be held in Winston to-day, 25th inst.

The following is the programme of the exercises:

9 A. M.—Devotional Exercises.
Introductory remarks by the President.
Song.
Address of Welcome.
Response.
Song.

Appointments of Committees—On Delegates; Plan of Work; Address by State Superintendent, Mrs. Louisa P. Round, Ruffin; Evangelistic Work, Mrs. E. N. Blair, Summerfield; Scientific Instruction, Mrs. M. M. Hobbs, New Garden; Heredity and Health, Mrs. Rosa Steele, Greensboro; Colored Work.

General Remarks.
Noon hour of prayer.

4 P. M.—Addresses: Mrs. E. M. Selden, Greensboro, Temperance Literature; Mrs. Mary Cartland, High Point, Juvenile Work; Mrs. D. Cox, High Point, State and County Fairs; Miss Retta English, Bush Hill, Suppression of Impure Literature; Mrs. F. M. Bumpass, Greensboro, Gospel Meetings and Sabbath Deportment; Miss G. W. Mendenhall, Peace Institute, Raleigh, Temperance Work in High Schools.

General Remarks.
Report of Committees.
Adjournment.
8 P. M.—Addresses.

INDIANA, Pa., August 20.—At 2 o'clock this morning Postmaster Kelly shot and killed Jacob Rodgers, while he was attempting to rob the postoffice. Rodgers was wreching the money from a drawer when it rang an alarm which brought the postmaster to the room. He shot without warning and the thief fell dead.

ZANESVILLE, O., Aug. 18.—A horrible accident occurred at 10 o'clock this morning at Thomas Drake's planing mill in the Eighth Ward. "Jimmy" Drake, as he was known, about 35, unmarried son of the proprietor and assistant foreman of the mill, while attempting to repair a belt on a shaft fell with his breast on the cut off saw, which cut a gash ten inches long and eight deep through the ribs and heart, protruding his vitals and causing instant death.

—The best medical authorities acknowledge the value of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and frequently prescribe their use with the utmost confidence, as the most effectual remedy for diseases caused by derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels.

It is a Fact

that Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic is cooling to the blood, controls excessive perspiration, and will safely tide you over that period characterized by headache, fainting spells, exhaustive spasmodic affections, and will give strength and new life to the entire system.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is sound and well." Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by Dr. V. O. Thompson, Winston.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride in New York city, Samuel M. Pritchett, of Baltimore, Md., to Miss Florence McCanless, formerly of Staten Island, N. Y.

On Wednesday, August 17th, at the residence of the bride's parents in Caswell county, M. A. Walker, of Winston, to Miss C. T. Newman. The groom's father officiating.

In the Moravian church, in Bethania, on Thursday, the 18th inst., Aurelius Transon to Miss Lora Stauber. Rev. R. P. Lineback officiating.

In Vienna Township, August 18th, John M. Holder to Miss Mary Hauser. Rev. Albert Craft officiating.

DIED.

In this place, on Saturday morning last, little Harold, son of Rev. J. H. and Alice W. Clewell, aged 3 years. The child had been sick for several weeks, suffering from brain complications, resulting in spasms. Nothing is perhaps more distressing than the taking home of these little ones, whose sprightly chatter have become the life of the household. But He who knoweth all things best has seen fit to lose the bonds and the spirit fled to its maker. "It is well with the child." Services were held at the home of the parents on Saturday evening, and the family left for Bethlehem, Pa, where the remains were interred.

In Greensboro, on Tuesday, August 16th, Mrs. Mary Gorrell, relict of Ralph Gorrell, at the age of 75. She had been in feeble health for some time.

At his home in Stokes county, Augus 6th, Flemming Preddy, aged 88 years.

On the 12th inst., at the residence of his son-in-law, J. H. Davis, at Eldorado, Montgomery county, John Lawrence, in the 85th year of his age. He will be remembered by some in the vicinity of the Big Coffee Pot, where he worked for several years.

TIRED OUT!

At this season nearly every one needs to use some sort of tonic. IRON enters into almost every physician's prescription for those who need building up.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY. P PURITY. Trade Mark. On Every Bottle.

—THE BEST TONIC

For Weakness, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, etc., it HAS NO EQUAL, and is the only Iron medicine that is not injurious. It Enriches the Blood, Invigorates the System, Restores Appetite, Aids Digestion.

It does not blacken or injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do*.

DR. G. H. BINKLEY, a leading physician of Springfield, Ohio, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters is a thoroughly good medicine. I use it in my practice, and find its action excels all other forms of iron. In weakness, or a low condition of the system, Brown's Iron Bitters is usually a positive necessity. It is all that is claimed for it."

DR. W. N. WATERS, 1219 Thirty-second Street, Georgetown, D. C., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the Tonic of the age. Nothing better. It creates appetite, gives strength and improves digestion."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

A Creaking Hinge

Is dry and turns hard, until oil is applied, after which it moves easily. When the joints, or hinges, of the body are stiffened and inflamed by Rheumatism, they cannot be moved without causing the most excruciating pains. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by its action on the blood, relieves this condition, and restores the joints to good working order.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has effected, in our city, many most remarkable cures, in cases which baffled the efforts of the most experienced physicians. Were it necessary, I could give the names of many individuals who have been cured by taking this medicine. In my case it has worked wonders, relieving me of

Rheumatism,

after being troubled with it for years. In this, and all other diseases arising from impure blood, there is no remedy with which I am acquainted, that affords such relief as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—R. H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Gout and Rheumatism, when nothing else would. It has eradicated every trace of disease from my system.—R. H. Short, Manager Hotel Belmont, Lowell, Mass.

I was, during many months, a sufferer from chronic Rheumatism. The disease afflicted me grievously, in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took several bottles of this preparation, and was speedily restored to health.—J. Fream, Independence, Va. tt

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

—Dr. Flint's Cough Syrup has become a household necessity. It is a positive cure for coughs, colds, croup, Bronchitis, &c., &c. Sold by ASHCRAFT & OWENS, Druggists, Winston.

—White Oak, Poplar, Sweet Gum, Cherry, Walnut, Sycamore, Maple, Ash and Birch saw logs, bought at the North Carolina Furniture Factory, Salem, N. C. Call and see them for particulars.

—Plixin is perfection in a 5 cent cigar. The Plixin is only sold at ASHCRAFT & OWENS, Druggists, Winston, N. C.

—We have just bought direct from Messrs. Colgate & Co., a large stock of Toilet Soaps and Perfumery. We can sell these at almost the former price paid. Example Lavender water former price $1 price now 75 cents. ASHCRAFT & OWENS, Druggists, Winston, N. C.

JUST RECEIVED a full line of Toile Du Nord Ginghams, Windson Fancies and Simpson's prints. CLINARD & BROOKES.

WAGON FOR SALE.—A good *track out* Wagon and Hand Cart for sale. Enquire of L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

—Just received at the Salem Bookstore, Irish Linen note paper in boxes with envelopes, Pele Mele or decorated note paper and envelopes, Novels, Poems, Ready Reckoners, &c., cheaper than ever.

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery.

Trial Bottles free at Dr. V. O. Thompson's Drug Store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no payment required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by Dr. V. O. Thompson, Winston, N. C.

A CARD FROM GEO. E. VOGLER.

Mr. Vogler is a citizen whose industry and probity have endeared him to his friends and won the respect of all who know him. He has written a letter concerning himself that will doubtless prove of great value to all who have had a similar misfortune as he describes. He also points out very clearly how such may surely find relief. His letter speaks for itself:

WINSTON, N. C., April 12, 1887.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Gentlemen:—My right leg has been a serious source of trouble to me for fifteen years. The veins became varicose: and from disordered blood, ulcers broke out at the ankle. These ulcers were very bad. I tried nearly every kind of blood medicine, but I got little or no relief until I began taking S. S. S. When I began four weeks ago, the leg was very swollen and painful at knee joint and ankle. Now the pain has disappeared, and the swelling has gone down.

S. S. S. has done me more good than all the blood medicines I ever took. Its effect on me was quick and delightful. I would not be without it for much more than its cost.

GEO. E. VOGLER.

Valuable treatise on all blood diseases mailed free on application to Swift's Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.
4 inches.

Notice to Creditors.

HAVING qualified as Administrator of the estate of Henry Cox, deceased, I hereby notify all persons having claims against the estate of said intestate, to present the same to me for payment on or before the 10th day of August, 1888, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

SAMUEL RATLIFF, *Adm'r* of Henry Cox, deceased.
This August the 9th, 1887—6w.

NORTH CAROLINA, FORSYTH COUNTY, } In the Superior Court.

Samuel Ratliff, Administrator of Henry Cox, deceased, plaintiff,
against
Frank Kiser, and others defendants.

In this case it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendants, Frank Kiser, Virgil Kiser, Milly Shore and her husband, Wesley Shore, are not residents of this State: Therefore ordered, that publication be made for six successive weeks in the *People's Press*, a newspaper published in Salem, in said county, notifying said non-resident defendants to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of said county on the 6th day of October, 1887, and answer or demur to the complaint filed in the office, demanding a sale of the lands of Henry Cox, deceased, for assets to pay his debts and charges of administration, or judgment will be rendered against them for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Witness, C. S. Hauser, clerk of said court, at office in Winston, N. C.
C. S. HAUSER, C. S. C.
August 24 1887—6w.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

HAVING qualified as Administrator of the estate of Rebecca Stauber, deceased, all persons holdin claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned for payment, on or before the 31st of July, 1888, duly authenticated, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery.

All persons owing said estate are requested to make payment at once.

JAS. T. LINEBACK, *Adm'r*, of Rebecca Stauber, dec'd.

KEEP SWEET AND KEEP COOL.

ICE CREAM,
CREAM
SODA WATER,
FRUITS,
FRENCH AND PLAIN CANDIES.

THE BEST 5, 10 & 25c. CIGARS

in the Twin Cities. Call at

D. H. KING'S

RED FRONT,
WINSTON, N. C.
April 21—3m.

VISIT THE CEDAR COVE NURSERIES,

which are now, by odds the largest best conducted and well stocked with the most reliable fruits of any nursery in the State. Contain more reliable acclimated varieties of Apples, Peaches, Pears, Cherries, Grapes, and all other fruits for orchard and garden planting. We have no competition as to extent of grounds and beautifully grown trees and vines of all desirable ages and sizes. We can and will please you in stock.

Your orders solicited.
Prices reasonable.
Descriptive catalogue sent free.

Address, N. W. CRAFT, SHORE, YADKIN CO., N. C.
July 14, 1887—6m.

FAMILY BIBLES.

Persons wishing FAMILY BIBLES will please call and examine styles and prices at the Salem Bookstore. JOHN H. ZEVELY.

PIEDMONT AIR LINE.

RICHMOND & DANVILLE R. R. CO.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In effect March 13th, 1887.

Trains run by 75th Meridian Time.

SOUTHBOUND—DAILY.

	No. 50	No 52
Lv New York,	4 45night	4 30 p m
" Philadelphia,	7 20 a m	6 57 p m
" Baltimore,	9 45 a m	9 42 p m
" Washington,	11 20 a m	11 00 p m
" Charlottesville,	3 35 p m	3 00 a m
" Lynchburg,	5 50 p m	5 05 a m
" Richmond,	3 00 p m	2 30 a m
" Burkeville,	4 57 p m	4 25 a m
" Keyesville,	5 43 p m	5 04 a m
" Drakes Branch,	6 10 p m	5 21 a m
" Danville,	8 50 p m	8 05 a m
" Greensboro,	10 44 p m	9 48 a m
" Goldsboro,	11 50 p m	*5 00 pm
" Raleigh,	5 30 p m	*11 45 am
" Durham,	6 35 p m	*1 39 am
" Chapel Hill,	*5 30 p m	*11 00 am
" Hillsboro,	7 08 p m	3 28 p m
" Salem,	7 45 p m	6 30 p m
" High Point,	9 37 a m	10 16 a m
" Salisbury,	12 39 a m	11 23 a m
Ar Statesville,		12 39 p m
" Asheville,		6 55 p m
" Hot Springs,		9 39 p m
Lv Concord,	1 26 a m	11 59 p m
" Charlotte,	2 25 a m	1 00 p m
" Spartanburg,	5 36 a m	3 34 p m
" Greenville,	6 50 a m	4 48 p m
" Atlanta,	1 20 p m	10 40 p m

NORTHBOUND—DAILY.

	No. 51	No. 53
Lv Atlanta,	7 00 p m	8 40 a m
Ar Greenville,	1 02 a m	2 32 p m
" Spartanburg,	2 17 a m	3 43 p m
" Charlotte,	5 05 a m	6 25 p m
" Concord,	6 01 a m	7 25 p m
" Salisbury,	6 41 a m	8 01 p m
" High Point,	7 54 a m	9 08 p m
" Greensboro,	8 32 a m	9 47 p m
" Salem,	*11 28 a m	*11 20 p m
" Hillsboro,	12 10 p m	*2 45 a m
" Durham,	12 47 p m	*4 45 a m
" Chapel Hill,	*1 20 p m	
" Raleigh,	1 50 p m	*6 50 a m
" Goldsboro,	4 40 p m	*11 20 a m
" Danville,	10 10 a m	11 28 p m
" Drakes Branch,	12 45 p m	2 41 a m
" Keyesville,	1 04 p m	3 01 a m
" Burkeville,	1 42 p m	3 53 a m
" Richmond,	3 45 a m	6 40 a m
Ar Lynchburg,	1 05 p m	2 00 a m
" Charlottesville,	3 30 p m	4 10 a m
" Washington,	8 23 p m	8 30 a m
" Baltimore,	11 25 p m	10 03 a m
" Philadelphia,	3 00 a m	12 35 p m
" New York,	6 20 a m	3 20 p m

*Daily except Sunday.

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE.

On trains 50 and 51, Pullman Buffett Sleeper between New York and Atlanta.

On trains 52 and 53, Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Washington and Montgomery, Washington and Aikin. Pullman Sleeper between Richmond and Greensboro. Pullman Sleeper between Greensboro and Raleigh.

Through tickets on sale at principal stations, to all points.

For rates and information apply to any agent of the Company, or to
JAS. L. TAYLOR, Gen. Pass. Agent.
SOL. HAAS, Traffic Manager.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SALE OF VALUABLE LANDS.

BY a decree of Forsyth Superior Court, I will sell at auction, on the premises, on the

24th Day of September Next,

one tract of land lying in said County, containing

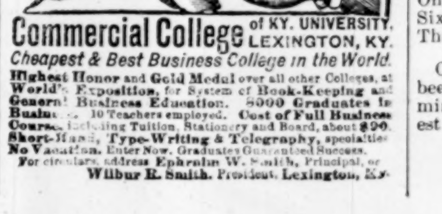
44 ACRES,

more or less, the same being a part of the lands on which the late Wm. Fulk resided at his death. A credit of 6 months will be given—the purchaser giving bond with approved security, drawing 8 per cent. interest from the sale, until paid.

Also at the same time and place and upon the same terms, as administrator of the late William Fulk, I will sell three small tracts of land adjoining the above lands, the same being a part of the said Fulk lands, to-wit: One tract of 7½ acres, one other of 11 acres 130 poles, and a third tract of 5 acres and 64 poles.

The sale will commence at one o'clock in the afternoon.

JAS. T. LINEBACK, *Comm'r*, also as Aministrator of Wm. Fulk, dec'd.
August 18, 1887—6w.



Commercial College of KY. UNIVERSITY, LEXINGTON, KY.

Cheapest & Best Business College in the World.

Highest Honor and Gold Medal over all other Colleges, at World's Exposition, for System of Book-Keeping and General Business Education. 8000 Graduates in Business. 10 Teachers employed. Cost of Full Business Course, including Tuition, Stationery and Board, about $90. Short-Hand, Type-Writing & Telegraphy, specialties. No Vacation. Enter Now. Graduates Guaranteed Success. For circulars, address Ephraim W. Smith, Principal, or Wilbur R. Smith, President, Lexington, Ky.

ATTENTION! FARMERS!!

Believing it to be to the interest of all parties, we have decided to conduct our fertilizer business in the future on

THE CASH SYSTEM,

and we will sell this fall the

Star Brand Wheat Guano

AT $27.50 PER TON or $2.75 PER SACK OF 200 lbs.

It will be in good condition for drilling, and its

High Standard will be maintained.

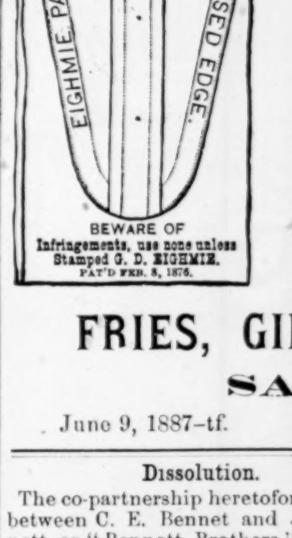
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Respectfully,

HINSHAW & MEDEARIS.

Winston, N. C., August 4, 1887-tf.

"EIGHMIE" PATENT SHIRT.



PATENT BOSOM.

FINE DRESS SHIRT.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

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10,000,000 NOW IN USE.

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FRIES, GIERSH & SENSEMAN,
SALEM, N. C.

June 9, 1887—tf.

Dissolution.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between C. E. Bennet and J. A. Bennett, as "Bennett Brothers," has been dissolved by mutual consent. All claims against the firm and all debts due the same must be presented to J. A. Bennett who will continue the business at the old stand.

July 19, 1887.

SALEM FEMALE ACADEMY,

SALEM, N. C.

HEALTHFUL LOCATION; BEAUTIFUL grounds; ample buildings with comfortable study-parlors, sleeping alcoves, bathing rooms; well graded and advanced course of study; special facilities for Music, Art, Languages and Commercial studies; refined home-life with good Christian training; special care of the individual pupil; eighty-three years of continuous experience and more than 6,000 alumnæ. For catalogue, address,

PRINCIPAL, SALEM FEMALE ACADEMY, Salem, N. C.

Administrator's Notice.

HAVING qualified as Administrator of Jonathan Stewart, deceased, of Forsyth county, all persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby notified to present them duly verified before the 14th day of July, 1888, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to the estate, are required to make prompt settlement.

H. L. BECKERDITE.
July 14th, 1887—6w.

THE WILMINGTON STAR.

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

Attention is called to the following reduced rates of subscription, cash in advance.

The Daily Star.

One Year	$6 00
Six Months	3 00
Three Months	1 50
One Month	50

THE WEEKLY STAR.

One Year	$1 00
Six Months	60
Three Months	30

Our telegraphic News service has recently been largely increased, and it is our determination to keep the STAR up to the highest standard of newspaper excellence.

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SALEM BOOKSTORE, Salem, N. C

LAND SALE.

BY virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Forsyth County, we will sell

97 ACRES

of land (more or less), lying on the waters of South Fork of Muddy Creek, adjoining the lands of Samuel Woosley, T. Spaugh and others.

Sale to take place at the old Jesse Mock homestead on

Friday, August 26, 1887, 12 o'clock.

TERMS: One-third cash; balance in six months. Those wishing a good farm had better attend said sale.

A. B. MOCK, E. M. WEISNER, } *Executors of Jesse Mock, dec'd.*
July 28, 1887.

—Twenty-four sheets of good writing paper for 5 cents at ASHCRAFT & OWENS, Druggists, Winston, N. C.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

HAVING qualified as Executor of the last will and testament of Martha C. Evans, deceased, late of Forsyth county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the deceased, to exhibit them for payment on or before the 25th of July, 1888, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to the estate will please make immediate settlement.

W. R. ROMINGER, *Executor of Martha C. Evans.*
This 25th day of July, 1887.

SEA HOUNDS.

A PREDATORY FISH WHICH TRAVELS IN PACKS.

The Dog Fish and Its Peculiarities—The Bane of Fishermen—Their Ferocity—The Dog Fish Industry, Etc.

Although the animals of land and sea differ materially in shape and appearance, they have a certain marked resemblance in their habits and customs, writes C. F. Holder in *Youth's Companion*. Thus the birds, from the robin to the eagle, present a perfect gradation from forms of mild and gentle disposition to those of fierce and predatory natures. Turning to the ocean, we find that this is equally true of the fishes.

The mullet is the robin, and the savage shark the eagle, hawk, or vulture. So in all groups of animals the various families are adapted for different paths in life, and some of the comparisons that may be drawn are most interesting and instructive.

Among the land animals, the dogs and certain members of the cat tribe, as the hunting leopard, or cheetah, are famous for their hunting proclivities; the wild dogs of Australia, especially, hunting in organized bands, and exhibiting marvelous skill in running down their prey.

The domestic hound performs the same service under instruction; and, by continued training, it has attained a grade of excellence if anything superior to that of the wild animals, whose wonderful instinct is alone the instigator of their actions.

The peculiarity of these animals, as has been suggested, is that they hunt in packs; and, curiously enough, among certain aquatic and marine forms we find many similar cases. The true hounds of the ocean are the fishes well known on the English coast as smooth hounds, while the species on our shores are called dog-fish, from the fact that when caught they utter a series of croaks, that is called barking by the fishermen.

The dog-fish are small sharks, from two to three and a half feet in length, extremely ferocious. They travel in large packs, exactly like the hounds of the shore, and their numbers and their effect upon the fisheries are, perhaps, little suspected by those not familiar with them. While these ocean hounds are seen in vast hordes on our own shores, they are not to be compared with those that appear suddenly and without warning in English waters, and a bay ten miles wide has been observed almost completely packed with dog-fish, representing unnumbered millions.

The question of the food supply of such a vast body of living creatures is a serious one to the fishermen, as the edible fish are either devoured or driven away by them.

It was my good fortune, some years ago, to witness the arrival of the dog-fish on the Maine coast. It was during the month of August. Every day the fishermen had been bringing in large catches of hake, cod, and haddock from the grounds about ten miles off shore, and the business was prosperous in the extreme.

I well remember being out myself with a crew, and with trawl and line catches were made that tested to the utmost the capacity of the boats.

This was on Monday. Tuesday evening I strolled down to the little inlet to watch the boats come in. One by one the boats under full sail glided in, not so low down as usual. Investigation showed that they were empty. In answer to my inquiry, the reply was: "Dog-fish."

This meant that the sea-hounds were on the scent, and had come in from the unknown region where they spent the winter, and that the fishing was over for the time being. Not a single edible fish was brought in, and the loss of hundreds of dollars was entailed upon the fishermen through hooks bitten off by the ferocious creatures that had charged upon the lines, some of which were a mile long, and bore perhaps one thousand hooks, and which they had severed as though the lines had been thread.

It was a gloomy outlook for the fishermen, and the next day a complete change of outfit was made. Wire was above par for ganging hooks; the village church stove was rendered useless, as some one borrowed the wire that supported the pipe, and two days later the dogs had "set in," as an old Mainer expressed it, all the fishermen were dog-fishing.

The entire bay was alive with the savage hounds, that bit at every available object. As soon as a line was dropped over, it was seized, and with a jerk the croaking, barking dog-fish was swung into the boat.

I have often held by the line a twelve or thirteen-foot man-eater in the South while it was towing my boat, and seen over the side half-a-dozen others following it along as if waiting for the moment when their comrade in the toils should, by a sudden turn, land me in their midst; but I think I never experienced the same disagreeable sensation as looking down into the clear water off the Maine coast and watching these hounds, so active and ready to rush at the first object that fell over.

They were desperate with hunger; a fact which I proved by opening a large number, in no case finding anything in their stomachs. They hung about the boats, bit at the oars, and some of the sails that had been dragged overboard were rent and torn by their sharp teeth, and such were their numbers that the men had but to stand in the boats and harpoon them as they appeared.

For weeks the dories came and loaded to the water's edge with these scavengers. The livers were sold at a cent apiece to be tried out into oil, while the farmers came from far and near and carried off the bodies to use as dressing for the soil.

Farther up the coast large buildings can be seen bearing the sign, "Dog-fish bought and sold," or more commonly, "Dog-fish factory." There are firms who encourage the capture of the dog-fish, buy them by the thousand, and convert them into guano.

The ferocity of these gigantic packs of hounds has been shown on many an occasion. Men have been seized by them, and I have been told authentic details of such attacks that exceed in horror any tales of the man-eater shark.

Nickel.

Nickel is an elementary metal. It was first obtained as a metal about 1751 in Germany. But the ore had been long known to miners, who called it Kupfer nickel, or Old Nick's copper, because though it looked like copper ore, no copper could be obtained from it. When pure, nickel is silvery white, and does not oxidize or tarnish in the air. It can easily be hammered out into thin sheets or drawn into wire; it is stronger than iron, and almost as hard to melt. Its chief use is for plating other metals, as it gives them a beautiful, silverlike surface which is quite easily kept from rusting. It is also used in alloys. German silver is made by taking one part nickel, one part zinc, and two parts copper. Our five and three cent pieces are made of three parts copper and one part nickel. Nickel is found in many parts of the world, but the principal mines are in Russia, Sweden, Germany, Austria, England and Scotland. In this country it is found in the States of Pennsylvania and Connecticut.—*Inter-Ocean.*

Professor Neumayer, of Hamburg, urges the necessity of antarctic explorations, laying special stress on its importance for geology and paleontology. He anticipates that it will show that the south pole was a centre of dispersion of animals and plants of the southern hemisphere, as the north pole is supposed to have been for the northern.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The Japanese make cheese from beans and peas.

Over 300 people in Rome, Mich., had the mumps at the same time.

An average human pulse at infancy is 140 per minute; at two years, 100; from sixteen to nineteen, 80; at manhood, 76; old age, 60.

Cairo in Egypt was founded in 973 by the first of the Fatimite caliphs. Saladin surrounded it with strong walls and magnificent gates.

Six thousand houses were thrown down, 30,000 inhabitants killed, and a conflagration kindled, which spread still wider destruction, by the terrible earthquake in Lisbon in 1755.

The first auction ever held was in Great Britain in 1700, when Elishur, a Governor of Fort George, in the East Indies, publicly sold the goods he had brought home to the highest bidder.

If a Chinaman desires the death of an enemy he goes and hangs himself upon his neighbor's door. It is a sure cure to kill not only that particular enemy, but members of his entire family will be in jeopardy of losing their lives.

When a Chinaman desires a visitor to dine with him he does not ask him to do so, but when he does not wish him to stay he puts the question: "Oh, please stay and dine with me!" The visitor will then know he is not wanted.

A new trade for women in Albany is that of "neighborhood darner." The woman who follows it has for her customers a dozen or twenty households, each of which she visits weekly, and spends a few hours in doing up the family darning and mending.

A few years ago Wilton was one of the most flourishing villages in Minnesota. A railroad built through that section left the village at one side, and now the place is dead. One of its original proprietors has just sold 115 lots to one purchaser, and the old town site is converted into farming land.

A Frenchman recently rode into Waterville, Me., driving a big Newfoundland dog hitched to a small two-wheeled cart, which the animal had hauled inside of three days from a town in Canada, a distance of about 150 miles. The owner said the dog could outstrip in a day's journey the best of horses.

Haroun al Raschid, in 802, sent to Charlemagne, among other presents from Bagdad, a clock of curious workmanship. The first clock with a balance was made by DeVick in 1364, and the first with a pendulum in 1641. Watches with springs were first made at Nuremberg, about 1477, but the first successful application of a spring to watches was by Dr. Hooke, in 1658.

A Michigan Millionaire's Career.

A little bit of a man, not five feet high, stood on tiptoe in front of Cashier Kelcey's window at the West End Hotel, Long Branch, and timidly asked him for a pair of scissors. When they were handed to him he pulled a roll of national bank bills from his coat pocket. They were in sheet form, just as postage stamps come, and he clipped off a $100 bill. He wrote his name across its face, in the space reserved for the President's autograph, and then coolly asked Cashier Kelcey to change it for him. Mr. Kelcey accommodated this maker of currency after carefully inspecting it and seeing that it was a bona fide note of a national bank in Michigan. The little man, with this enviable power as a money maker, was Mr. Jacob Seligman, who is known all through Michigan as "Little Jake." He was the leading clothing merchant of the State until he became a banker and railroad financier, as well as one of the biggest lumber merchants in that region. He is now a millionaire, a director in nine banks and four railroads, and the owner of considerable real estate in the Sault Ste. Marie region. Some people say he will be the richest man in the State if he lives to realize on his investments. Yet he went out to Michigan twenty-five years ago with only $100 in his pockets. He made his fortune in a strange way. In order to start in the clothing business he obtained credit for $200 worth of goods. He spent the $100 cash he had in hiring a wagon, a brass band, and four horses, and investing in circulars and advertising. He made it known that Little Jake would reach town at a certain hour and distribute socks and overalls free from his wagon in the public square. He told me to-day that he emptied his wagon load to a throng of people, scattering over their heads at the same time a perfect cloud of dodgers stating that he was going to sell them all sorts of clothing for the next month. For fifteen years Little Jake followed this quaint scheme for making himself known, traveling from town to town until he had a store established in every important city in the State. He was not only the biggest clothing dealer, but the biggest newspaper advertiser as well. Since then he has made rapid strides toward becoming the biggest banker, but he is still the smallest man in the State in size.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Green Cadets at West Point.

"Fall in!" the command was, sharply. You should have seen those green boys trying to get in ranks. There were now about 100 "beasts," and they looked like a herd of Texas steers, though more subdued. After a while the "beasts," including my trembling self, were strung out into a long, wavering line, and a cadet corporal commenced to call the roll of candidates. Each one was instructed to answer, "Here!" Some who answered, "Present," were nipped in the bud, and taught a lesson in cadet discipline. One poor fellow who was rather tardy in replying to his name, was commanded to "step out" and answer to his name." "Step out" is the West Point slang for "make haste," and when the "beast" actually did step out of rank, he was surprised at the celerity with which he was made to step back. The formation was for dinner, and we were retained until the battalion of cadets had started. They marched off, headed by the drum corps, with all the accuracy and beauty of a vast machine. Finally our time came. The plebes at the head of the column interpreted the meaning of the command: "Forward, march," and the procession started for the large granite structure known as the mess hall.

It was like running the gauntlet. One cadet in the rear of the line hollered at me in a voice of special envy: "Drag in your chin about a yard, mister! I want to see less slouching among you beasts; stand up; sir!" I tried to obey. Each plebe had his coat buttoned full up, the palms of his hands to the front, and all the while his toes digging up the gravel of the area.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Music in China.

The Chinese play to-day just as they did 2,000 years ago, says H. E. Krehbiel. The art as it was then has been petrified "by a fantastic system of mental philosophy and an adamantine conservatism." So that in considering the condition of the musical art in China to-day we have an actual sight of what was the system and practice at the time of Plato. The refinement in this knowledge of music is mostly on its metaphysical side. The Chinese sages could and do publish doctrine touching music which is golden doctrine in the art of to-day, but the sounds they produce are a din in which traces of order and of melodious sequence are not discernible except by a very patient and a very well trained ear. A barbarism rests on the music still, and to add to the many paradoxes which the Chinese hold before us, they concede that the art of to-day is a degenerate one, but speak with pride of one now lost which flourished at a time when Greece was yet shrouded in pre-historic gloom,

CHINATOWN.

A STREET IN NEW YORK WHERE CHINAMEN ARE THICK.

How the 9,000 Mongolians in the Metropolis Live and What They Do—Fifty Chinese Citizens—Disreputable Chinamen.

In 1875, says a writer in the *Mail and Express*, there were but about 150 Chinamen in New York. The Chinatown of the present was a very insignificant colony, and a queue seen on the streets created a sensation, at least among the ranks of the small boys downtown. Now there are fully 9,000 Celestials in this city. They are doing well in various lines of business, and there are a large number of them who have bank accounts running into thousands and tens of thousands of dollars. In fact there are at least two Chinese merchants in Mott street who each own considerably over $100,000 in property and money. It was not until 1875 that the Chinese took possession of Mott street. At that time the six companies of San Francisco, which practically controlled the Chinese population of that city, established an agency in this once fashionable street. As new arrivals from the Flowery Kingdom appeared on the scene they settled down in this spot, and Chinatown waxed and grew strong, until it became what it now is, a veritable city within a city, having its own municipal government, and in most matters making laws suiting itself, and growing in strength oblivious of the political and social amenities of the great city around it. The Chinese evidently believe in close corporations. He does not froth at the mouth when the word monopoly is uttered in his presence. On the contrary he seems to like it. There are six men in Chinatown who practically run its machinery business, political and social. They are in this respect not dissimilar to the famous six companies of California, although they claim to be independent of them.

The Chinaman naturally drifts into the laundry business. Two-thirds of the Mongolians in this city are engaged in it. The thirty headquarters of the thirty different clans, as they are known, supply the information that there are just about 2,000 laundries in this city managed by Chinamen. The average number of workmen in each is three, giving a total of 6,000 Chinamen who are engaged in the commendable industry of keeping New York supplied with clean linen. Most of these laundries are owned by individuals, although the big Mott street companies own a good many. Kwong Hing Lung made a good many of his $125,000 by speculating in laundries, or in other words, in establishing them at various parts of the city, and either renting them or selling them under mortgages. He is said to hold mortgages on or to be principal owner in about 200 at the present time. There is a double profit in this line of business, for the 600 laundrymen whom he thus practically controls must all deal in his grocery store. Thus does Kwong prosper and grow fat. Wo Kee, who is the oldest and wealthiest of the Mott street merchants, besides his large grocery business, is a big exporter of American goods to China. He makes particularly large shipments in petroleum.

The Chinese in New York have not made any large success as domestics as they did in the West. There are a few hundred of them employed in factories. About 400 of them are cigarmakers; about as many more are engaged in the smaller groceries in and about Chinatown, of which there are nearly one hundred. There are upwards of a hundred tobacco stores and about a dozen drug stores that are supported by the Mongolian population, and more than that number of distinctively Chinese restaurants, and an unknown number of places where the homesick Celestial can dream of the delights of the Flowery Kingdom and of the soft carcesses of oblique-eyed houris while under the influence of the seductive poppy. Besides, Chinatown has a floating population of about 600, made up of gamblers, criminals and men of leisure. It is due to the colony to say, however, that it is not partial to idlers.

The Chinese population of the city is divided into what are known as clans. There are thirty in all. Each has a headquarters where meetings are held, for social and political purposes. The social part of it consists mainly in playing fan tan and poker.

Chinatown has a fashion of minding its own business, and of settling its own affairs, that is worthy of emulation. Every year it elects a new ruler for its municipality. Popular suffrage is not known here. The big companies before referred to select the man, and their choice is never objected to. At present Mr. Woo, of Park Row, basks in the sunshine of the favor of Wo Kee and his confreres, and is the nominal head of Chinatown, and the village is said to be pretty well governed. A majority of the disputes that naturally arise are settled out of the courts. Law and order is maintained, there is said to be no corruption or dissatisfaction, and the tactics of the boodlers are never copied by the local magnates.

Out of the 9,000 Chinamen in New York only fifty have taken the trouble to become citizens and voters. Deputy Sheriff Tom Lee is the unopposed leader of this small band. He is a political power in the Fourth and Sixth wards, for these fifty voters will to a man support any candidate that he favors. The politicians know this, hence Tom's importance. Tom is a very sensible, level-headed sort of a fellow and deserves the confidence that his fellows place in him. Tom is by no means owned by any of the factions.

If the Chinamen do not become citizens they stick to Freemasonry. There are 1,800 Chinese Masons in New York, all members of one lodge, the only one in the State. The Chinese Masons are not affiliated with the English organization, although they follow practically the same rules and methods. All of the big guns in Mott street, from Wo Kee down, are Masons, and they stick quite as closely together under any and all circumstances as do their English-speaking brothers. When one of their number died a few days ago the whole of Chinatown turned out and attended the funeral.

Nearly all of the Chinamen of this city are bachelors. There are only four Chinese women in New York, and as there are a good many obstacles in the way of securing Caucasian ladies as better halves, but few of the 9,000 men are benedicts. About two hundred of them have, however, succeeded in winning the hearts and hands of females, mainly of German, Italian and Irish origin, and live in good style with their familes.

Mott street is the respectable part of Chinatown. For the most part it is clean, quiet and orderly. But down in Pell street are gathered several hundred of as disreputable heathens as ever cut a throat. The chinamen of Mott street have an expressive name for Pell street. They call it "Broken Head street," and it is worthy of the name. Here is the headquarters of the Highbinders, the famous secret society of thugs and murderers, who caused so much terror in San Francisco, and who have been at the bottom of not a few desperate crimes in New York. There are probably three hundred of these criminals and outcasts, who haunt the dirty basements and tenements of "Broken Head street," gambling, drinking, smoking opium and carrying on wild orgies, which sometimes end in fatal affrays. The respectable element in Chinatown looks downs upon these ruffians, but it also fears them. They are known to hold life lightly, and for the smallest sum will hire themselves out to do any desperate deed.

There are two Joss houses on Chatham Square, and even these are now unable to accommodate the crowds of thorough paced heathens that worship in them. The Chinaman is just as fond of his snub nosed gods as before he breathed the air of Christian New York. There is now a project under way to build in Chatham Square a new Joss house that will surpass anything of the kind in the country. Wo Kee and other wealthy Chinamen are behind it, and it is certain to be a success. It will not be built, however, until next year.

The Chinese of New York are careful to give respectable burial to their brethren who die. They own plots in Greenwood, Evergreens and New York Bay Cemeteries. That in the latter cemetery is the largest, and cost $380. Several hundred graves in all are to be seen in these plots.

Chinatown has no printed newspaper now. Several years ago Wong Chinn Foo established the *Chinese American*, but it died, and the experiment has not been repeated. There is, however, a newspaper of an original pattern. It has no city editor, and the whole of Chinatown is on its staff. Those ancient journalistic chestnuts, "Veritas," "Old Subscriber," and others whose chief ambition is to bombard newspaper offices with communications of all kinds, would admire this newspaper, for its columns are no less than about 125 feet long, and are open to all.

At almost any time of day a group of Chinamen may be seen standing around the telegraph pole in front of Wo Kee's grocery store. That telegraph pole is Chinatown's daily newspaper. It doesn't circulate at all but the whole town reads it. At intervals a solemn looking Chinaman comes along and sticks a slip of paper with cabalistic characters inscribed upon it on the telegraph pole. These slips contain the scandal and gossip of the colony. They tell how Tom Wey fell into the hands of the Highbinders in Pell street and came to grief; of a big loss at fan tan by Ah Hump; of Lung Wang's desire to sell his laundary, or of Less Kee's adventure with Judge Duffy, and subsequent involuntary trip to Blackwell's Island.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the hand.

Judged by profession, there are no sinners, and judged by practice there are no saints.

Modesty and the dew love the shade. Each shine in the open day only to be exhaled in heaven.

Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into, the mind.

He whose only claim to the title "gentleman" is in his clothes, must necessarily be careful as to what he wears.

Costly followers are not to be liked; lest while a man maketh his train longer, he makes his wings shorter.

The wise prove, and the foolish confess, by their conduct, that a life of employment is the only life worth living.

Reason and kindness are the great promoters of that harmony and hilarity which generate friendship and affection.

The aspirations of the race for further and higher development nerve the arm which strikes down the barriers of an ignorant past.

Nothing but the right can ever be expedient, since that can never be true expediency which would sacrifice a greater good to a less.

A Cottage at Elberon.

A mile down the coast and we come to Elberon—the Mount McGregor of New Jersey, for here Garfield was brought lying upon his death bed. The cottage from which he gazed upon the sea until his eyes were closed forever is as cosy and cheerful as before the villainous shot was fired.

The green lawn over which a branch railroad was built for that one passenger; the veranda to which the car was backed before the cot of suffering was tenderly lifted out; the room next the sea through which they carried him, and the railing that had to be cut away before they could get him up stairs; the chamber in which he suffered, surrounded by the sympathies and prayers of all the people of the earth; the little room upon the ground floor in which he lay in state before starting on his last long journey—these are objects of interest, looked at not only with the eye but with the heart. This cottage of death is the most impressive sight upon the beach, and the few who are privileged to see within it must go away impressed with the superiority of the human soul when they feel the weird light that the great spirit left in its departure.—*Rochester Herald.*

Value of Dead Horses.

"Say, what yer goin' to do with that old nag?" shouted a passing cart driver to a man who was superintending the removal of a lifeless horse on willow steet.

"Lots," answered the other. "We'll first of all ship the old hulk to the glue factory. There the hide will be taken off and sent to a tannery, and the flesh removed from the bones. The bones are very valuable, and when the frame is separated they are distributed into piles. Shin bones are worth $40 a ton. They are used for knife handles. Thigh bones bring more. They go to Europe at $75 a ton, and come back here after a while in the shape of tooth brush handles. The foreleg bones are made into parasol handles, collar buttons, trousers buttons and other small articles of usefulness. Glue comes from the water in which the bones are boiled, while the dust from the sawing of the bones makes excellent medicine for cattle and poultry. All the rest that can't be made into bone black is ground up into powder and sold for fertilizing purposes."

"Well, who'd thought that old carcass was wuth so much!" exclaimed the carter in surprise.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Bank Burglars' Tricks.

A bank vault expert says in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* that there are not exceeding half a dozen first-class safe-robbers in the country, and that he knows them all by their work. One of these men might almost as well leave his name behind him as a mark of his work, and he can't very well destroy all traces of it. The following is given in illustration: "I remember one case I was called on to investigate in Ohio. I looked over the work and remarked: 'Well, if I didn't do this it was my old boy.' He had learned his trade under me, and I knew every mark he had made. The detective worked the case up on that clew, the boy was arrested, found guilty and is now serving twenty years' sentence in the penitentiary." The vaults now being built, it is said, are so difficult to enter that it would not be worth the risk. Too much time is needed.

An Oculist's Advice.

Keep a shade on your gas burner.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, window or door.

It is best to let the light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that on first awakening the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Never begin to read write or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to light.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate, whether twilight, moonlight or on cloudy days.

Finally, the moment you are instinctively prompted to rub your eyes that moment stop the using them.

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

Hens and Hen-Houses.

It is well to examine the nest and the eggs when the hen is off feeding and dusting, and if one of the eggs should happen to be broken, remove it and cleanse the other eggs in water at about blood-heat, freshen up the nest, and biddy will be thankful to you for such unobtrusive kindness. The *Germantown Telegraph* also says: Spray the hen-houses thoroughly with kerosene. This is better and cheaper than whitewash. A spraying bellows will soon pay for itself. The spray penetrates every crack and crevice, and is so fine that a very small quantity of kerosense serves for a given surface. This method of cleansing hen-houses is cheap and effectual.

New Method of Growing Strawberry Plants.

The method described below perhaps ought not to be called new, as it has been known and practiced for some time; but not until quite recently has public attention been called to it. Mr. F. C. Miller, of Ohio, has probably practised it more extensively and successfully than any one else, but it has been tried at the Ohio Experiment Station several years and found to be practicable. The last report from the station contains the following concerning this method:

It consists simply in removing the young runners from the plants as soon, or even before, they have taken root, and propagating in a cold frame; or, in other words, treating the young plants as florists treat cuttings. There are several modifications of the plan, but the essential conditions are a plentiful supply of moisture and partial shade. The plants may be set in two-inch pots, filled with suitable soil, or they may be planted closely together in a bed of sand, such as florists use for propagating purposes. Sufficient water should be given to keep the soil moist constantly, but not soaking wet. Shade must be given sufficient to prevent wilting. This may be done with lath, cloth or whitewashed glass.

As soon as the plants are rooted sufficiently they should be planted in the field and kept clean by thorough cultivation. It is possible, by this method, to secure much better results than by the ordinary plan of potting plants, as good well-rooted plants can be grown nearly a month earlier than in the field. This renders fall planting much more safe and practicable, as the plants have a longer time to grow. In dry weather this method is especially advantageous. More plants can also be grown than by any other method, hence it is especially applicable with new varieties. In market gardens it could be practised to advantage, as strawberries could be grown successfully as a second crop. On rich soil the growth will be sufficient, so that the plants will yield nearly a full crop the season after planting. It is probable that some of the insect enemies of the strawberry may be successfully met when this method is practised. Some remarks on this subject will be found in the report of the entomologist. Unless the plants are propagated early, and the planting done as soon as possible, there are no advantages in this plan over that of rooting plants in pots in the field, or even of taking ordinary runners as soon as roots have formed.—*New York World.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Keep machinery and wagons well oiled.

The squash is a rank feeder and needs rich soil.

Keep down the suckers that start from tree roots.

Remember to be careful in the use of Paris green.

Copperas solution for grape rot has many advocates.

The progressive farmer always keeps ahead of the weeds.

The first lesson in stock raising is to learn to love and pet the cattle.

An Illinois farmer finds salt an effective protection against the chinch bug.

All kinds of stock except sheep and swine have decreased in value in Dakota.

Clay soil gives the most solid and best flavored celery, according to some growers.

The man who warms himself up every morning grooming his horses will be well remunerated for his trouble.

Begin bee keeping with one or two colonies and study the subject as you enlarge and extend the business.

When the leaves of the squash vines begin to wilt in the bright July days look out for the squash-borers.

An occasional sprinkling with copperas solution will help to keep the cow stable free from offensive odors.

"The best manure for small fruits, and in fact for everything else, is well-rotted barnyard manure," says M. Milton.

Strict cleanliness in the care of stables, pigpens, poultry-houses, etc., is never more imperative than at this season.

Watch for striped bugs upon the vines; a light dusting with white lead while the dew is on is said to afford protection against them.

Manuring grass fields near a dairy sometimes leads to tainting the butter, otherwise sweet and objectionable, so as to destroy its use.

Better prices are paid for colts and undeveloped horses now than have ever been known before. A man can do worse with his farm than to raise good colts on it.

According to Commissioner Colman, the germs of apple and pear blight are of extreme tenuity and are borne from place to place and from tree to tree by the atmosphere.

One ounce of copperas dissolved in a pint of water, and applied by a sprinkler to affected cabbages, killed all the cabbage worms. Carbolate of lime drove them away, but did not kill him them.

Turkeys are great foragers, and will gather their entire food from the fields during the summer, at the same time destroying myriads of bugs, grasshoppers, worms, etc., that prey upon the crops.

The *National Live Stock Journal* says if the colt is haltered and handled a half hour every day till two months old, and haltered and led regularly at least once a week, before being weaned, it will be better for it every way.

A cunning statist estimates that three weeds of moderate size and growth will occupy as much ground, draw as much nutriment from it, take in as much of the life-giving sunlight and of the food-bearing atmosphere as a good stalk of corn.

Mr. T. E. Platt, of Connecticut, says in *New England Homestead*: "If a growing potato comes in contact with a particle of potash the skin will be corroded. This will give the tuber a rough skin, which some people call the scab, but it is not, yet it may damage the tubers as much as the true scab, which is caused by a fungus."

Vick's Magazine says the codlin moth can be successfully destroyed by syringing the trees with paris green and water soon after the blossoms have fallen, and when the little apples, nearly formed, are held erect by their fruit stems, calyx end up. The apple aphis can be destroyed by kerosene oil made into an emulsion and mixed with water, the liquid thrown on in a fine spray with a force pump.

Wilcox County, Ga., has fifteen men whose united ages make up over 1,350 years. The youngest is ninety-two.

Kayaking in Greenland.

General A. W. Greely, in the course of an article in the *Century* on some personal experiences gives the following account of a curious Greenland craft: This dangerous craft is gradually dying out in Greenland, and only the brighter and more ambitious boys acquire it. Practice must commence at a tender age, and must be continued assiduously. Jens had a pride and a delight in the art, such as was unusual in his settlement. For those who have never seen a kayak I will imperfectly describe it as a shuttle-shaped boat, consisting of a wooden frame-work, which is fastened together generally by seal-skin thongs, and over which is stretched a covering of tanned seal-skin as neatly and tightly as the sheep-skin of a drum-head. The skin covering is so well tanned, and it is so deftly sewn together with sinew thread by the Eskimo women, that no drop of water finds its way through skin or seam. The use of seal thong in uniting the stanchions gives great strength and equal elasticity, allowing with impunity great shocks which otherwise would destroy so frail a structure. The boat is usually some fifteen feet long, and from its central point gently curves upward—from a width of twenty and a depth of ten inches—to pointed ends. Both prow and stern are carefully armed with a thin molding of walrus ivory, which is a protection to the skin cover when the hunter, spinning through the water, strikes small ice, or, in landing, so throws forward and upward his kayak that boat and man slide easily and safely up the edge on to the level surface of a floe. The only opening is a circular hole with a bone or wooden ring, its size being strictly limited to the circumference of the hips of the largest hunter who is to use it.

A waterproof combination jacket and mitten of oil-tanned sealskin is worn by the hunter, who tightly laces the bottom to the ring, so that no water can enter the kayak. Thus equipped, the Innuit hunter faces seas which would swamp any other craft, and plunges safely through the heaviest surf. A single oar, with a blade at each end, in skillful and trained hands propels this unbalasted, unsteady craft with great rapidity, and it moves through the water at a rate varying from five to ten miles an hour, according to the character of the sea and the exigency of the occasion. The oar properly handled enables an expert to rise to the surface, if, as happens at times, the boat is overturned.

The kayak of the Eskimo is probably unsurpassed in ingenuity by the boating devices of any other savage people of the globe. Its essential points of lightness, buoyancy, and structural strength are marvelously well adapted to the varying and dangerous conditions under which an Eskimo provider seeks his sea game. This tiny craft with all hunting gear weighs scarcely fifty pounds, and will carry a load of some two hundred pounds besides its occupant.

Tuscola, Ill., people are not dependent on the Signal Service for information about approaching storms or rainfalls, as everybody has become accustomed to listen for the call of ex-Mayor Davis's sandhill crane, a sure premonition of such events. He usually gives twenty-four hours' notice, and his shrill call can be heard plainly in all parts of the city. The bird was captured some eighteen years ago and has remained a pet in Mr. Davis's barnyard ever since. He was full grown when caught, and it is estimated by some that he is fifty years old.

Knowledge of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.

The Brant.

This bird is lazy and slow in is flight. Let me tell you about one of its ingenious devices to save itself trouble. It never dives for its food. It waits until low tide, when the mud-flats are bare, then it waddles about among the rock-weeds and water-plants, and tears up by the roots in great quantites those best suited to its taste. When the tide comes in, the surface of the water is covered with the weeds, and the lazy bird floats idly about and feeds at its leisure. When the spring comes, the Brant starts on its long northward journey—some say to the North pole. Certain it is that it goes far out of reach of the most curious naturalist, and that nothing whatever is known of its nest or eggs, or its habits while rearing its young.—*St. Nicholas.*

A church organ constructed entirely of paper is on exhibition at Milan.

An Offensive Breath

Is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases, as thousands can testify.

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"Sweet is revenge especially to women," said the gifted, but naughty, Lord Byron. Surely he was in bad humor when he wrote such words. But there are complaints that only women suffer, that are carrying numbers of them down to early graves. There is hope for those who suffer, no matter how sorely, or severely, in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Safe in its action it is a blessing, *especially to women* and to men, too, for when women suffer, the household is askew.

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* * * * Organic weakness or loss of power in either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Enclose 10 cents in stamps for book of particulars. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Two lions in a menagerie in Cornwall, England, lately died of excessive heat.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

'ROYAL GLUE' mends anything! Broken China, Glass, Wood. Free Vials at Drugs & Gro

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Often causes extreme tired feeling and debility, and in the weakened condition of the system diseases arising from impure blood are liable to appear. To gain strength, to overcome disease, and to purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiarly adapted to the needs of this season.

"When I took Hood's Sarsaparilla that heaviness in my stomach left; the dullness in my head, and the gloomy, despondent feeling disappeared. I began to get stronger, my blood gained better circulation, the coldness in my hands and feet left me, and my kidneys do not bother me as before."—G. W. HULL, Attorney at Law, Millersburg, O.

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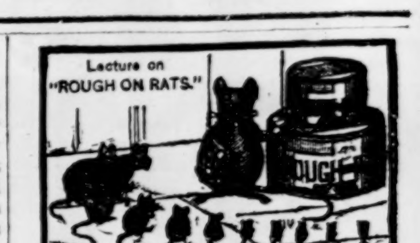
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For Potato Bugs, Insects on Vines, etc., a tablespoonful of the powder, well shaken, in a keg of water, and applied with sprinkling pot, spray syringe, or whisk broom. Keep it well stirred up. 15c., 25c. and $1 Boxes. Agr. size.

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THE ORIGINAL LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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BEING ENTIRELY VEGETABLE, Dr. Pierce's Pellets operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a LAXATIVE, ALTERATIVE, or PURGATIVE, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.



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Billious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Billious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, for 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. However, only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

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